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STATE OF CRIMINOLOGY

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EDITORIAL

BOB EBY

TADEUSZ GRYGIER DID A COUPLE OF HARD YEARS IN A SIBERIAN PRISON CAMP (See article on page 6). With the four-footed rats fed better than he was, with guards who considered beating prisoners one of their fringe benefits, with work quotas demanding near superhuman effort to keep up to, with people dying and going insane all around him, and with his keepers despising him because he was a bourgeois foreigner from Poland, it is not surprising that he now, after 40 years of carrying the scars of his days in the camps, speaks out against the overt barbarity of that kind of experience, explaining that the kind of punishment men in maximum-security prisons in Canada are getting only increases their hostility, making them worse.

And its not surprising to read that the Commissioner of Penitentiaries and his Ottawa computer techies have gone bananas over Grygier, proclaiming him the new correctional guru after their last hero committed suicide shortly after publicly disclaiming earlier statements he had made in favour of making prison conditions more harsh, and which had won him Number One Spot on the Penal Poll.

Nor is it surprising that Grygier wrote a book after visiting Auschwitz and Belsen after the Second War, where hundreds of thousands (maybe millions) of Jews were exterminated by the Germans, titled, OPPRESSION, with its central theme pointing out that where people are oppressed, they will, in turn, seek to oppress others (the pedagogy of the oppressed) — and more often than not, more harshly than they themselves were done... I mean, just look around you!

And no surprise exists in that now that the Ottawa computer/systems analysis types are in power and want to turn Canadian prisons into money-making factories that they make statements like, "No amount of psychiatric treatment, counselling or other attempts at rehabilitation, it seemed, could reduce the tendency of criminals to persist in their ways" when referring to the last direction the prison system began moving in, to justify their now cutting back on "rehabilitative" programs and bringing in "make-money/make-work" projects, without there ever having been a full-out commitment to the rehabilitative model in the first place, one which provided programs of quality and relevance rather than the nonsense that has been passed off as rehabilitative over the years. Feathering of the correctional nest for copies of themselves coming out of universities like Carleton and McGill is what the Canadian prison system has been about for years.

And where is the surprise in reading that Grygier is recommending to the policy planners in Ottawa that long-term prisoners be sent off to prison colonies in the far-north, places where only the worst kinds of people would take jobs as guards, isolating themselves and prisoners from families, from civilization and from the ameliorating influences (as mild as they might be in a Redneck society) of local communities and the remote possibility that as long as prisons are within view of the society which creates the need for them, there may come a day when the public will put two and two together and come up with the five it is costing them to continue messing people around the way they are. Out of that kind of understanding, they may get around to demanding the abolishment of the system as it now exists.

What I do find surprising, to the point that I consider it ludicrous, is that this man, a person with at least enough intelligence to have completed a Ph.D. program and do some of the other things he has done in his life, hasn't tumbled to the fact that his Russian prison camp experience affected him more effectively than he suspects. When he tells us that he "can't even feel resentment toward the Russians, after all, they gave me my Ph.D." it should be obvious that he is still functioning at the level he was when in the prison camps he "made himself believe I (he) was merely an observer in some scientific experiment." He is still deluding himself and thinks his recommendation to form penal colonies in the far-north is radical and positively creative, when in fact it is a regression to the days when the horrors of a Devil's Island were acceptable.

Tadeusz Grygier, like Robert Martinson before him and all so-called "social scientists" should be reminded that they are not "observers in some scientific experiment" -- that they, themselves, are perpetuating the problem by keeping all the emphasis on the individuals who get caught up in the criminal justice process, rather than putting it where it belongs. They continue to ignore the fact that they are part of the problem because it serves their ends, keeping poverty and inequality of opportunity and outright piggishness institutionalized, with the reins in their hands.

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!!!! CAUTION !!!!!

The COMMUNICATOR is an adult publication, and as such will use language commonly used by prisoners and other adults & groups. SWEAR WORDS, though will be restricted to the FICTION SECTION so that those who are offended by the sight of FOUL LANGUAGE can avoid being exposed.

It is also true that we publish items from time to time that express views we don't agree with; however, since we are a forum for diverse opinions, and since opinions are like noses -- everybody's got one -- we will defend to the death the signing author's right to take care of himself. If you read something that provokes you, write down your feelings and send them in; otherwise, take a Bromo and forget it; or, perhaps, re-think your position and tell us about how that happened.

No person in authority over prisoners necessarily agrees with the opinions expressed herein, although they do allow us to publish providing no staff names are used in a negative context and opinions do not get passed off as facts.

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IN THE BAG

Editor:

I want to comment on the article "GULAG GRADUATE" in this issue, and the man who is featured therein, DR. TADEUSZ GRYGIER, consultant to the Solicitor General's planning department, and author of the book OPPRESSION. Educated as a psychologist and lawyer in Poland over forty years ago, Grygier was sent to the Russian Camps in the far north. This man, unlike many thousands who died of exposure, starvation and outright brutality, managed to survive. He credits his ability to "detach" himself from the awful reality of the situation, and says that by playing a game he was able to preserve his wits, and accordingly, his hide. His education in psychology and law served him well and, without doubt, still is. It has been my experience that people who specialize in professions like psychology and law are already inclined toward detachment, away from "reality", and I would say that Grygier's unfortunate experiences in the camps only deepened his need to escape into the pristine states of academia.

Dr. Grygier is in the process of designing a more humane criminal code, and is also advocating that Canada's dangerous offenders be isolated in the far north, beyond the need for cells and fences. One cannot argue that putting people into steel cages is helpful in any way, and that alternatives must be found, but Grygier seems to expect that we all will be able to detach ourselves from family, friends and community and revel in the new-found freedom of a work camp some thousands of miles from home. I suppose his guards will be detached also, and not resent the conditions which have made it necessary for them to work in the far north, overseeing "dangerous" criminals.

In his efforts to humanize the Canadian Criminal Code, it seems that the good doctor has merely streamlined our archaic laws. Where is the evidence that he has learned from his experience about social injustice, the root of criminal injustice? Why not attack the system which forces people to become hostile and disruptive, rather than see that they are treated "humanely" when it is probably too late anyway?

This 63 year old man, a "wizened cocker spaniel" according to the author of the article, still wallows in the glory of the "good old days" when he was able to bring the "Terror of Siberia" to his knees with threats. His fanciful recollections of the camps are probably more fiction than fact, cashing in on the middle class audiences at university and within the austere halls of the solicitor general. Dr. Grygier should beware of advocating a Canadian Gulag, as he should also look to himself with his first book on the nature of oppressed peoples and their tendencies to become worse than their own fears.

It wouldn't be at all surprising to see the Ottawa planners accept this man's notions about criminals and their treatment, regardless of any objections that might be raised. To further darken the picture, once the Solicitor General's department has built these atrocities in the far north the penitentiary system will react in its predictable manner, and will gradually broaden the criteria for the "dangerous" offenders to include any and all persons it finds difficult to deal with in the traditional manner.

Greg Scott
Springhill

Editor:

...I do not know of anyone else who puts together so much pertinent information on prisoners and prison conditions. Greg Scott is correct in saying that the situation with regard to Parliamentary Sub-Committee's recommendations and the Solicitor General's October Progress Report is, to put it generously, confusing. I am pleased

that some kind of minimum wage for inmates who want to work is being implemented, but the wages -- \$3.00 a day -- are disappointing and unrealistic, and I agree with Greg's comment: "that's minimum!"

"...Glad to see you getting some support from local advertisers and I hope you survive the hassles. Keep on with the Communicator.

Best Wishes,
Jack R. Brooks,
St. Alphonse, Que.

OPENING

PRISONS

TO

LIFE'S

LIGHT

by James E. Milford

EARLY TOMORROW MORNING A FELLOW HUMAN being — let's call him Joe — will be roused early from his jail tank cell and told to follow his guard escort to a waiting bailiff.

Joe will then be driven over to the local court house to hear his sentence read. There he will hear the gavel fall on his life, putting his existence on ice for whatever arbitrary period of time the courts decide. His social, marital, political and economic life comes to an end when the penitentiary doors clang ominously behind him.

This mental gas chamber is "modern" society's baroque arrangement called "imprisonment." In Canada, Joe's presence behind the walls adds his bit of statistics to the scenario of waste.

This is Canada's prison system: a triumph of folklore and myth over fact. An antiquated way of dealing with crime and criminals long since abandoned by other more progressive societies.

So captive is Canada to its prison mythology it is planning to build more prisons in the near future. Canada's slammer holds nearly 10 times as many male prisoners per 100,000 population than England. Holland has only 18 per 100,000 in its prisons — about what most honest wardens would say are necessary — not Canada's astronomical 900.

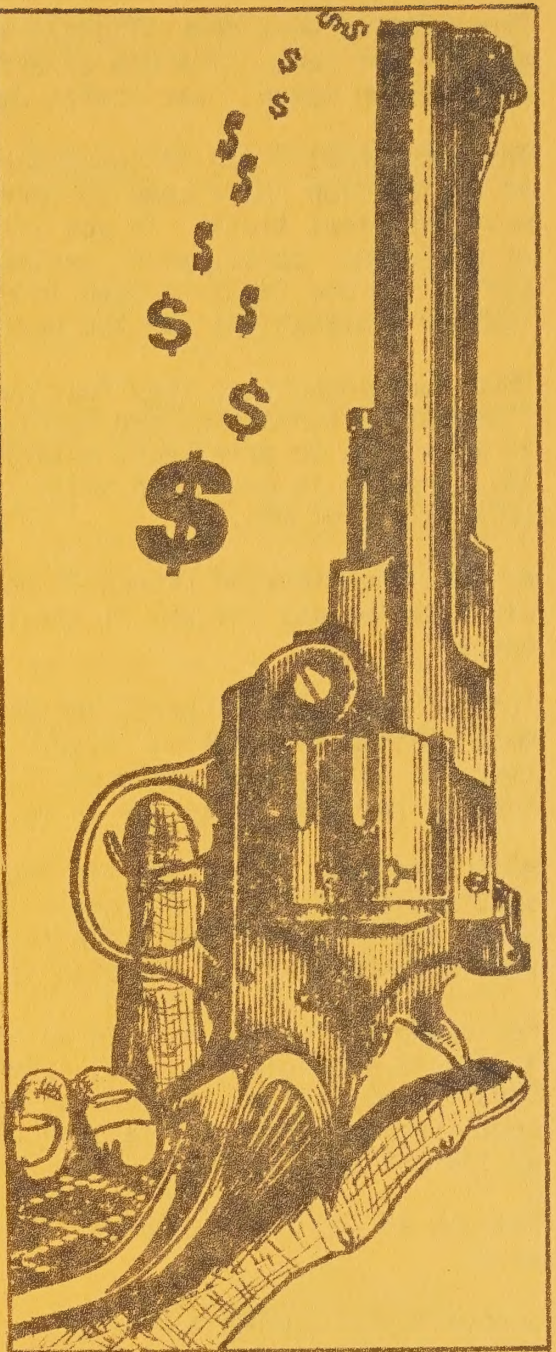
Canadians deal with crime in strange ways. Much police energy is dissolved in patrolling for streetwalkers, dope users, drunks. Some alcoholics have been booked as many as 25 times in some jurisdictions.

One man is given a long sentence for mail fraud, not because of the crime as much as for the trouble he puts the courts through and the time and money involved to prosecute him.

Meanwhile, a sharp gunman can hire a fast-talking lawyer who plea-bargains his client into a lesser sentence by the admission of a larger one or gives access to information that may bring in a "big" loser.

Many Canadians feel crime is soaring in an ever-upwardly increasing spiral. The latest figures indicate Canada's highly publicized crime increase was an over-all 0.9 percentage change over the previous year.

While it is true there was a 0.1 increase in the murder rate (per 100,000), other crimes of violence — assault and robbery with a dangerous weapon — went down almost five per cent.



Prostitution went down slightly and the "crime" of betting and gaming plunged 7.4 per cent. The use of offensive weapons slipped, as did indecent assaults on women. Car thefts decreased some five per cent.

Thinking about crime is tough work. In criminology many ingenious efforts at explanation have come to sorry grief because they failed to respect a most important truth. If you wish to explain something which has a number of different parts, your explanation must fit all, not just a few of the parts. If one fails to keep in mind the whole, he never will find satisfactory explanations for the parts.

"Men fear thought as they fear nothing else on earth," wrote Lord Russell. "Thought is subversive and revolutionary, destructive and terrible; thought is merciless to privilege, established institutions and comfortable habit...Thought is great and swift and free, the light of the world and the chief glory of man."

No less than Winston Churchill once said the test of any society's level of civilization was the way it treated its poor, aged, sick, children and prisoners.

This is not fuzzy, liberal thinking at all, but hard-nosed realism — economic realism, if nothing else. Prisons are appallingly inefficient and there is not a shred of forensic, psychological or criminological evidence that prisons put brakes on crime.

Most Canadians, if polled, in answer to this question — Do you think Canada should get tough with prisoners and criminals? — would reply with a hearty yes. But the facts are those areas that have the heaviest police surveillance and where prison building is the highest have the highest crime rates.

For example, Florida has had an increase of 102 per cent more prisons than it did 15 years ago, but its crime increase has leaped 220 per cent. South Carolina stepped up its prisons 138 per cent, yet its crime soared 112 per cent. Nevada added 133 per cent to its prison jungles and its crime shot up 146 per cent.

Prisons as any convict knows, as do the wardens, are excellent schools of crime.

Sweden is the undisputed leader in criminal justice among the countries of the world. Experts there have long known the prison system is weighted against the poor. Accordingly, they have included "new" offences, like ecological irresponsibility, tax frauds, drunken driving — upper class failings — and have de-emphasized others, like petty theft and drug usage.

Sweden has 32 prisoners per 100,000 and its few prisons have less than 100 persons. Like its neighbor Denmark, Sweden's prisoners have their own rooms, their own keys and their average stay is only a few months, compared to our three to four years. Wives are allowed conjugal visits. Prisoners are employed, not in making license plates or belt buckles but in competitive industries, like pre-fab house building — and at union rates!

Is this policy the result of soft thinking or the result of — to use a red-neck phrase — "bleeding heart" philosophy?

Sweden's policies, like those of Holland, are based not on emotions at all but on sound economics, reason and psychological and social research.

What would a Dutch visitor think on a visit to Canada? He would see some provinces with only half the population of his own country housing 10 to 15 times as many prisoners, serving insanely long sentences for crimes that would draw only a few months in Holland.

He would then find men doing sentences that cost the taxpayers as much as \$15,000 a year for thefts of less than \$1,000. He would find Canadians building prisons that cost \$30,000 per bed to house men, 60 per cent of whom will return after their "rehabilitation."

Community services are a far better alternative for most prisoners. More than two-thirds of prisoners in local jails are detained for non-dangerous,

non-assaultive crimes. Restitution and day fines, used effectively in Sweden and England, are widely accepted by both judiciary and public and involve no heavy burdensome prison system.

Men are, indeed, responsible for their acts. But it must be remembered every person is, in a sense, a child of society, nurtured by it, conditioned by it.

Persons who break the law should not be forced to pay the full and absolute responsibility. Any failure is, in part, society's failure. Offenders should pay for their share of the blame, but not for society's too.

Most prisons must come to an end, as that famous penologist Frank Tannenbaum put it: "We must destroy the prison, root and branch."

Too many good alternatives — probation, release on one's own recognizance, crisis intervention, community involvement, scaled fines — loom much more sanely than the prison racket. A racket that profits only those who build them and purvey goods for them.

To ensure Canadian generations of a future in which we don't saddle them with more prisons and jails than the absolute minimum necessary to quarantine intractable criminals, we must put our resources and energies somewhere else.

Editor's Note: When Mr. Milford speaks of it costing \$30,000 a cell to erect a Canadian jail, his estimate is considerably lower than what it costs to build federal penitentiaries. The figure as of 1979-80 is \$110,000 per cell. To house a federal prisoner in one of those prisons for the same year it cost the taxpayer an additional \$38,000. In 1979 the average Canadian family paid \$365.00 in taxes that were used in the so-called criminal-justice system... and if that doesn't rattle your chain, it's going up again in the coming year. Welcome to reality, Folks. 

THE GULAG GRADUATE

by John Doig
the Montreal Gazette

In the Gulag Archipelago, 1940: Even after a back-breaking day in the labor camp sleep did not come easily. His body might grow accustomed to the hard boards of the bunk, but he could never suppress his searing hunger. He discovered a way to ease the pangs. In the night he would chew on a crust of bread dangling from a piece of string tied to the bunk above — beyond reach of the marauding rats. Sometimes the rats wakened him as they made frenzied leaps at his bread. He wondered why they were so fat, when his own body was wasting away....

Today the memories are as indelible for Tadeusz Grygier as the scars on his body from the boils that covered him 40 years ago, when his captors promised him he would "die like a dog" in the Arctic wasteland. But there is no bitterness in the memories. "I can't even feel resentment toward the Russians," he says. "After all, they gave me my PhD."

Tadeusz Grygier is a criminologist at the University of Ottawa and a special adviser to the Correctional Service of Canada. At 63 he's a wizened cocker spaniel of a man, forever scurrying to keep pace with the ideas that tumble from his mind. One of those ideas is to send dangerous criminals to work camps in the Arctic—a Canadian Gulag, if you will. But there would be no hunger and no rats. Far from inflicting cruelty on convicts, he wants to show them kindness—sending them north would eliminate the need to lock them in cells. It would be part of a new approach in Canadian penology, one that would stress humanity instead of retribution: prisons without punishment.

For some time now, correctional authorities have been groping for a policy that makes sense in the 1980s. In the mid-'70s most penologists agreed that the North American model of prison as "hospital" had failed. No amount of psychiatric treatment, counselling or other attempts at rehabilitation, it seemed, could reduce the tendency of criminals to persist in their ways. For Canada's federal prisons, the recidivism rate remained stubbornly at about 60%.

Criminology found a guru in Robert ("Nothing Works") Martinson, an American sociologist whose nickname derived from his pessimistic studies of correctional results in the mid-'70s. Martinson's message—that offenders should simply be handled in the cheapest possible manner, with no attempt to "cure" them—was welcomed in the austere political atmosphere of Canada, where the annual average cost of keeping an inmate in a federal penitentiary had soared to \$25,000.

Liberal criminologists could scarcely get a hearing in those days. Then in late 1978, Martinson suddenly denounced his own work. "I was full of crap," he told stunned disciples at an academic conference in New York. He later committed suicide. Martinson's reversal slowed the hard-line trend in penology, and conservative and liberal planners in the correctional service reached a working compromise. Now rehabilitation receives less emphasis, but so does imprisonment itself. Alternatives such as community work projects, in

which the offender repays his debt to society in a useful way, are stressed. For those who must spend their time inside, there are money-making work programs, with the profits going to the taxpayer.

Tadeusz Grygier agrees, in general terms, with that strategy. "Prison should literally be a last resort," he says. "Only those who must be segregated for society's protection should be jailed."

But Grygier wants a more radical change of course. He wants to discard the very notion of punishment and make conditions in prison resemble, as closely as possible, those of free society. Inmates would be paid to work at going labor rates; after some payroll deductions, including one for "board and lodging," they'd be permitted to spend their money like any other consumer—on "rent" for more spacious accommodation, on television sets, broadloom or books. There would be restrictions; no beer for alcoholics. But the emphasis would be on normal life—there would be intimacy between offenders and visiting friends, for instance.

For the desperadoes who languish in notorious maximum-security fortresses such as Millhaven and the B.C. Penitentiary, Grygier wants work camps in remote areas. There's no need for barbaric devices like razor wire in the Arctic: nature provides far better security. "If we fail to 'cure' most inmates with our rehabilitation methods," he says, "then let's at least do as little harm to them as possible." Making convicts suffer doesn't help society—in fact it's likely to harden their criminal attitudes. We should look, he says, to Poland and Yugoslavia. Prisons in those countries have elaborate professional services for the physical and mental welfare of inmates, and factories that turn out goods for export. The inmate's earnings provide support for their families and compensation for their victims. It is the victim, Grygier asserts,



who is most cruelly used in Canadian crime and punishment. "He's treated merely as a witness, with complete disregard for his dignity. The system that was supposedly designed to protect him does nothing for him—it only adds insult to injury."

Grygier sees the Canadian Criminal Code, with its 772 sections, as a legalistic jungle that is perilous for both offender and victim. Inspired by his studies among the Inuit of northern Manitoba, he published in 1977 his own Social Protection Code that emphasizes not retribution but restitution. It dispenses with even the cherished legal concept of criminal intent. The causes of crime are so obscured in the interplay of environment, heredity and psychology, he says, that trying to determine them precisely is a hopeless task. Grygier's concise code—there are 113 sections—strips the criminal law to its essentials. His straightforward "coercion," for example, replaces such problematical existing offences as rape and armed robbery. Along with most of his work, Grygier's code is better known in Europe and the United States than in Canada. (There is a Polish version, and French and Italian editions are planned.) At home, indeed, there has been more opposition than support: his applications for grants while researching the code were turned down by the Law Reform Commission and the Canada Council.

"My ideas are contrary to the vested interests of the legal system," he says.

But Grygier is enjoying the respect among the cadre of practical managers brought in by Donald Yeomans, who took over as commissioner two years ago, to remodel the correctional service. As doers rather than thinkers, they admire him for his unique experience on both sides of the prison walls. As Yeomans puts it, "Tad Grygier is a wonderful bridge between theory and reality."

When he was 25, Grygier had already mastered two professions, law and psychology. Shortly after the outbreak of World War II he was working as a psychologist in a psychiatric hospital in Choroszcz, Poland, when the invading Russians deported him to a logging camp in the Gulag on unstated charges. Conditions in the camp were hellish. The prisoners existed on watery cabbage soup and meagre rations of black bread. "In the winter we froze; in summer we couldn't open our mouths without choking on black

flies and mosquitoes." His weight dropped from 135 to 90 pounds.

Then his psychological training gave him the idea that saved his life. "I talked myself into a state of detachment. I made myself believe I was merely an observer in some scientific experiment." The self-deception worked. But it took all Grygier's other skill—as a lawyer—to save him when he was accused of stealing 8,000 rubles from a bundle of cash in his care and was threatened with execution. He perceived that the "missing" sum was the difference between 9,000 and 900 and was able to prove that a camp accountant had shifted the wrong row of beads on his abacus. Exonerated, he was paroled and sent to work in a nearby psychiatric hospital.

While on parole in 1941, Grygier sent a detailed report on the needs of Polish deportees in Siberia to the "Polish ambassador in Moscow." There was no such official—the

(Cont. on p 42)

The Fleet Footed Cat

The burly butchers
in bloody aprons
are standing behind
chopping blocks,
slicing
kidneys and livers

The tiny tots
in scimpy diapers
are hiding
in freezers and coolers,
screaming
blue murder

while straight razor
motherfuckers
in spit polish shoes
are cruising
up and down
neon avenues,

trying to chop the tail off...
a fleet-footed cat

© Ralph Cochrane
Springhill

GETTING STRAIGHT

"GETTING STRAIGHT" will appear in each issue.
The basic theme of each item will be attempts
at looking at old notions in new ways; in
other words, challenging basic values --work-
ing at getting it straight.

fleck

what does it concern you
when the Chilean secret police
break down the door of the dissident
the "brown-skinned" patriot
whose screams are too far away
to be heard in Hogtown
or Bytown or Montreal
what does it concern you
when they drag him away
to blood red stone chambers
where in futile efforts to crush his will
they break his brown body into many pieces
his cries from hell
cannot reach your maple tree tower
what does it concern you
when his body washes ashore
as long as it is not on the beach
of your Lake Nippissing summer vacation home

what does it concern you
when the Soviet secret police
sweep away the civil liberties
of the outspoken philosopher/poet
whose screams are muffled by secret courts
and layers of salt and snow
what does it concern you
when they spirit him away
to ice-lined death chambers
where freezing winds and steel-cold fingers
rip the words from his mouth
and fling them to the deaf wastes
far from your Laurentian ski chalet
what does it concern you
when his apartment is quietly emptied
and his family disappears
for the non-words of man
now never born
cannot scream across the pages of Macleans

what does it concern you
when the Ontario public police
crush the ribs of a young woman striker
labelled a dissident because she dares
to ask for a fair share
are her screams heard in Hogtown
or Bytown or Montreal
what does it concern you
when they club her out of the way
when they beat her breasts
with hardened phallic truncheons
borne by the public protectors, perverted
to the protection of private friends
of the progressive politicians
what does it concern you
when her dignity and her rights
are ripped away
and a million dollars of public money
is used to reward mere Flecks
in the eye of the blue gods
what does it concern you

Gordon Gilhuly ©
Perth, Ontario

THE LATE GREAT

UNIT EIGHT

by Al Baltzer



"DOO DEE, DA DOOT, DE DO!" Yahoo!
The hunt is on. Good times are back
in UNIT EIGHT.

After a prolonged dry spell during which we were all wondering whether or not our unit had gone soft beyond repair and our infamous reputation ruined for ever, we've finally put it all back together. Yes, friends, the head count is up. How and why you say? Well, who cares... all that is important is that good and evil are satisfied. Of course, that is a matter of the way you see things. If you live here and wish to maintain reputation, then good was served and triumphed over the evil of a dull, mundane and docile unit. On the other hand, if you don't get off on this kind of thing, then evil triumphed over good. The reader will just have to decide for himself. Let us take Joe Blow whose idea of good is to be subservient, docile and have respect for authority and maintain the peace and good order of the institution. Well, John Doe may also have the same opinions. However, these points which are supposed to be virtues to a point may mean something different to each. Joe Blow's authority figure may be the bureaucrat whose authority is sanctioned by the social and political system within which we live. John Doe on the other hand may have his authority figure defined by the guy with the biggest biceps. His life style then would be survival of the fittest and allegiance to a strong man, which isn't a bad way to survive in this animal pit.

At any rate each will see things differently. Peace and good order of the institution is a real good one. You know, that can mean two things or more to as many people who

wish to define it. Here in NUMBER EIGHT, peace and good order seems to mean cleaning out the undesirables. This allows for peace of mind — knowing you don't have to live with them — and creates good order by solidifying the unit. We all know what the other side of this coin is. Peace and good order means follow the rules. But whose rules? Well, we have to have a uniform set of rules, or codes, or laws, or something to define how we live. The problem is that in jail this creates quite an unclear situation. Right now, the John Doe's and the Joe Blow's are lined up against each other, ready for action, as they always have been and probably always will be. This is the stuff that wars are made of and all I can say is good luck and may the best system win.

Now, let's get to something sensible. We're getting pizzas again. Yahoo! This week, to be exact. We're also making preparations for getting our ball teams together.

In other news, RICK Q. finally made it and MIKE L. is bruised from head to toe. WAYNE finally blew it in the poker game (chuckle, chuckle). LEVESQUE (Vekkie) got a three-day jobbie with BERNIE. A very nice gesture by the administration, which gave VEKKIE a chance to see his family after six years. I suppose I should tell you about hunger pains too... Well, they're rough; but, Holy Shit, Phil, if you're that G.D. hungry I'll buy you a can of meat....

Gee, I guess that's about it. There's been a lot happening here, but none of it really seems worth mentioning. Neurosis, depression,

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anxiety, withdrawal and migraine seem to sum up the conditions concisely enough so that I need not babble on about specifics. At any rate she's one hell of a warehouse. So, good bye for now. This has been stock 6, serial number 2704, annex B, warehouse 8 reporting... Over and out.



N·N·N·U·M·B·E·R N·N·N·I·N·E

by Alex Beliwicz
Unit Range Rep

I'VE BEEN ASKED ONCE AGAIN TO WRITE a report on the unit; I must say now, there's more to talk about than there was in my last report.

So, I guess I'll start by mentioning the Temporary Absences we have had over the last couple of months, and the ones to come. I'm sure I'm talking for everyone who has been out on T.A. when I say that it is very good to get away from here for a couple of hours.

Now that the summer is just about here, I would like to take this time to wish NUMBER NINE baseball

players the best of luck in the coming season. I'm sure we can surprise the other units, like we did in the ball hockey playoffs.

You all know about the way the canteen has been running. It has changed management so often you'd think we were part of the government. Ha! But I would also like to wish the next operator the best of luck.

So that's all the news for now. Good luck to the fellows who are leaving soon.

Go long...

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THERAPY IS...

by Last of the Lard

THE WINTER IS OVER, the yard is open and any tensions that may have existed through the closed winter months have all disappeared with the opening of the yard. Guys we had almost forgotten about over the winter months show their faces once again. It is great to be out roaming in the fresh, warm air.

The Recreation Department started the summer with a bang. They wasted no time in issuing ball gloves and having tournaments scheduled for both "A" and "B" ball. The tournaments are a good idea but with the abundance of time available they could be made more interesting by maybe making them round-robin tournaments. Once again, NUMBER TEN'S "B" ball team looks like the team to be reckoned with this year. The unit's "A" team looks a little slack with the loss of GERRY COCHRANE but you can be sure COACH LLOYD CLARKE will have a very competitive team come play-off time.

In case many of you are wondering what all the digging behind UNIT TEN is; no, it's not a new cemetery... a mini golf course is being constructed. I'm sure there will be a few ARNOLD PALMERS running around before the end of the summer.

Since the last issue we have a new CAMERA OPERATOR. He can be found on C RANGE and he is HANK DIXON. We are sure he will do a fine job. He is only too happy to try and get the best possible results for you. The price of pic-

tures is now \$1.00 each. The price was raised to meet the increase in the cost of film and developing. I hope people will be patient when waiting for their pictures as the Foto Shop in town tells us that with summer vacationers wanting a lot of pictures, there is bound to be a longer waiting period for our pictures.

The unit CANTEEN CREDIT FUND is doing quite well, mainly through the efforts of BOB EBY and LLOYD CLARKE. They seem to have aroused the interest of the entire unit in trying to acquire more funds for the Jar.

Pinball machines are now in each of the units, much to the dismay of the card players. The line-ups have now thinned out and everyone is getting a chance to play; even the staff are trying their hand at it.

In the last issue I mentioned that the new T.V. had arrived. Well, we finally got a decent picture on it, thanks to our resident technician, HANK DIXON. For the information of the other units, Hank installed an antennae booster and coaxial cable, thus providing us with excellent reception on all channels.

One thing I must say in closing is about the poor turn-out of people to watch the STANLEY CUP FINALS. I guess when the great MONTREAL CANADIANS were eliminated much of the enthusiasm of hockey fans also vanished. 2



ELEVENTH

by Iadji

Idatolyahoo

HEAVEN

THE GREAT CONUNDRUM QUESTION

Greetings once again, Brothers of the Green. It gives me great pleasure to again serve you up another dose (an interesting way of putting it, eh!) of the Wisdom of the Sages.

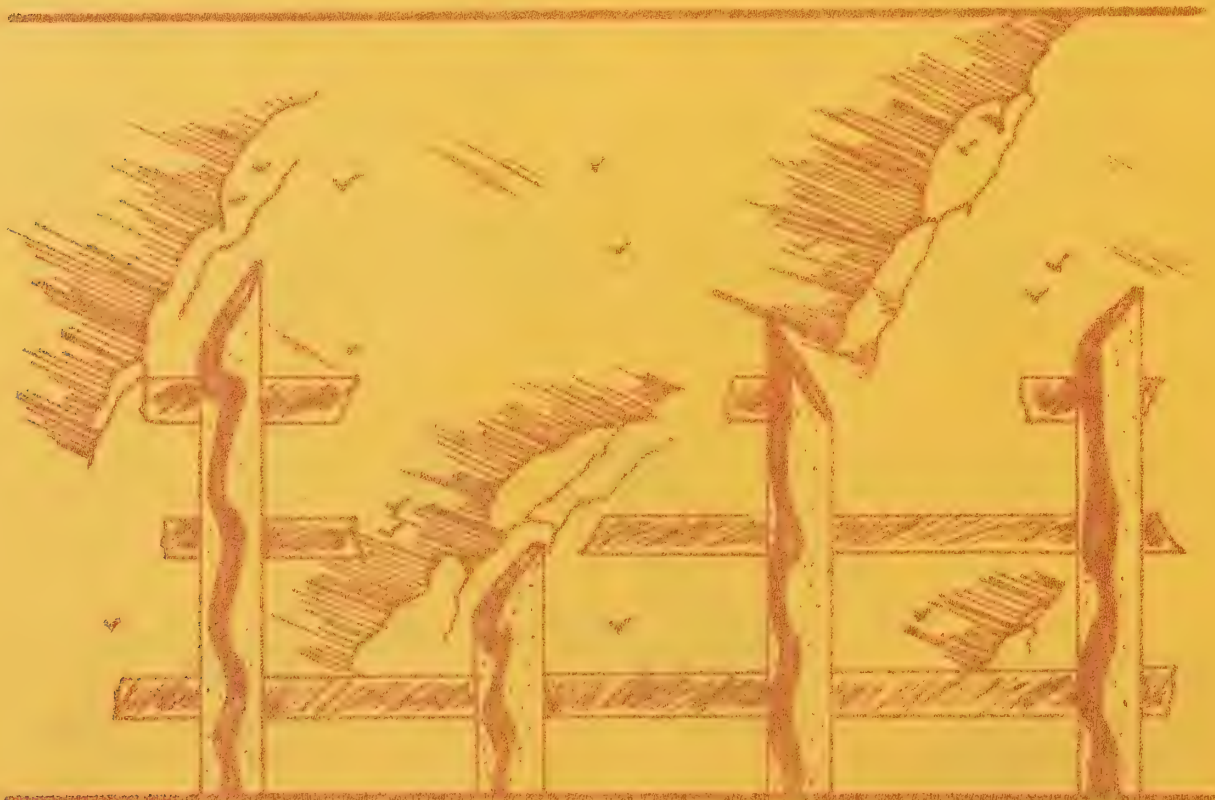
I have been voyaging through the Astral Planes since I last conversed with you, observing many strange things in the Outer Spheres. One of the strangest matters to have come to my attention is a topic now being discussed at great length by the Mystics of the Square Circle and known as the Great Conundrum. I must confess to you, Brothers, my abysmal lack of knowledge of the depths of the problem, as my Crystal Cube is not only cloudy but strangely silent on the subject. I shall however try to probe the murky depths for our mutual benefit.

The question seems basically to revolve around (and around) whether tis nobler in the mind to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous taxation imposed by the King (Elected be His Name!) or to strike out for Freedom with Bishop Rene, who it must be said is rumoured to

be in league with OTPEC, the Organization of Tobacco Producing and Exporting Countries. This would appear to be a simple question of choice, but there is an exponent of the Middle Way, the High Priest known as Le Grand Claude, to further muddy the waters. Now you may say, as I did, WHO CARES! but I feel we must understand this subject as it regards our Brothers of the Green who live in the land of Q-bec.

What of them! I have yet to hear an adequate explanation of what will happen to them in the event of a resounding OUI. Will they be cast out, Brothers, to wander in the void for all eternity? Will they be deported to Come By Chance, Newfoundland? Will they be freed by Bishop Rene as victims of the King (the Reborn One)? Or don't they count at all? Stay tuned Brothers for the answers to these and other strange questions in my next installment.

Till then, remember the words of Baba Buford... "If you step in it, don't wipe your feet on your own



AS I SEE IT



A Whig-Standard Editorial
Kingston, Ontario

"I am probably an unlikely candidate to be an advocate for prison reform, having spent most of my adult life engaged in arresting criminals, putting criminals in jail, and now prosecuting them... But if I, of all people, can see and feel injustice at the degradation and torture some of these prisoners must suffer, then I am sure it must touch your soul."

—Jack McKenna
Assistant Crown Attorney
Frontenac County

A PLEA FOR PRISON REFORM

IT DOES TOUCH OUR SOUL. And it moves us to choking frustration that our proud nation, founded by men and women of free spirit, steeped in a tradition of high morality can treat a human being the way we treated GUY EDWARD PRINCE. We allowed him to be raped and beaten by other prisoners in Joyceville Institution. We allowed him to sink unattended into the depths of terrible loneliness and depression. We allowed him to hang himself.

Let us put it plainly: we murdered this young man.

He was not the first to seek relief in suicide from the "degradation and torture" of prison life. And he will not be the last, as long as we refuse to recognize that our prisons are defensible only in those moralities we despise.

How long are we going to allow cynical bureaucrats in Ottawa to degrade our humanity by their callous, obstructionist approach to prison reform? A week or two ago we published a letter to the editor from DONALD YEOMANS, commissioner of corrections, in which he had the gall—or the stupidity—to blame the Whig-Standard for the penitentiary system's problems. The reason the system has problems is that it is dehumanizing—for inmates and staff.

And the political masters that Yeomans and his battalions are sup-

posed to serve: Their excuse for rejecting reform is that it would not be popular politically. If that is true, it is a national disgrace. If it is not true, then it is an insult.

Jack McKenna puts us to the test. He asks us to imagine that we are the master architect of Canada's prison system. During the drafting of plans we find that it is necessary under our design to have one man, scared, lonely and depressed, enter our prison system, there to be raped and assaulted and then isolated from relatives, friends—even enemies. And that our design involved degrading him and bringing him to such misery that he would hang himself.

"Would you consent to being the architect under those conditions?" McKenna asked.

"I doubt it very much. I submit that in your humanity you would refuse to put your signature to such a design and would order that the system be changed..."

If McKenna is right—and God help us if he isn't—how can we allow the present prison system to continue unchanged?

McKenna does not suggest that men like Guy Edward Prince should not be incarcerated. Only that we have no right—not in our morality—to subject anyone to the kind of pain

Prince was subjected to.

We should realize that when we remove freedom of choice from a person, as we do when we imprison someone, we "in effect create a different type of man...something that is less than a man in a very real sense."

That is what life in Canadian prisons does to people: it turns them into less-than-human beings.

Until we acknowledge this, until the bureaucrats and the politicians rid themselves of their defensiveness and cynicism, there will be no change.

McKenna ended his address to the inquest jury with these words

I want you to remember, ladies and gentlemen, that it is from numerous and diverse acts of human courage and belief that humanity evolves into something noble. Every time a man stands up for an ideal, acts to improve the lot of others, tries to right a wrong, or cries out against an injustice, he sets up a tiny ripple of hope for mankind. Every day of your life you have the opportunity to set up such a ripple of hope, if you wish. Today is different. Today it is your duty.

Not just the jury's duty. Everyone's.

running to stop running

as a child

i was told
hurry to school
eat quickly
rush home
run to the store

as a teenager

i was rushed
thru school
into sports
in my father's footsteps

as a soldier

i was driven
thru training
at a dead run
surged into battle
hastened home when wounded

now

as a prisoner
i am rushed
hurried
even chased
and still i
run

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CONVICT'S WIDOW LAUNCHES FIGHT TO REFORM PRISONS

by Jennifer Robinson,
of The Gazette, Montreal

BEFORE HER HUSBAND WAS SLAIN BY BEING BRUTALLY BEATEN and stabbed 25 times under the noses of guards at a "maximum security" prison, DOROTHY HORVAT kept her "disgust for the system" pretty much to herself.

"But now that Ivan is dead, nothing I can say about what really killed him can hurt him," the 24-year old widow told The Gazette.

HORVAT BLAMES "THE SYSTEM" FOR THE VIOLENT DEATH OF HER 26-YEAR-OLD husband in a supervised television room at Archambault Institute December 9th.

Ivan's murderers are also "victims of that system," she said.

The 11-year-old federal prison has a history of violence:

- * Seven hostage-takings since 1976;
- * Twelve violent deaths in the last two years;
- * The 1978 murder of director Michel Roy, gunned down outside his home;
- * The discovery of an arms and dynamite cache last year and the recent arrest of a clerk charged with smuggling arms and explosives into the prison.

"Archambault is a dehumanizing mad-house," Mrs. Horvat said.

HE FEARED KILLINGS

"Ivan told me he knew something was going to happen — more killings or riots or hostage-takings.

"But he never thought he would be killed," she said.

Horvat has launched a one-woman campaign to expose prisons as "ineffective and destructive. Everyone has a stake in caring what happens in prisons."

"I don't want to know who killed Ivan or what incident triggered the murder," she said. "I just want to know how many more men will be murdered before people start realizing that our prisons don't work — they don't rehabilitate, they destroy."

Exactly two weeks after her husband's death, one of Ivan's friends, SAMUEL WOOD, was stabbed to death Sunday.

SIXTH STABBING VICTIM

Wood was the sixth stabbing victim this year at the federal penitentiary that houses 334 prisoners about 40 kilometres north of Montreal. Of 11 homicides in Canadian penitentiaries last year, Archambault had more than half.

No suspects have been found.

What's wrong with Archambault?

"That could be an invalid question," said John Braithwaite of Ottawa, a deputy commissioner of communications for the Service in Ottawa.

"Urban Montreal has a high rate of incidents of violence. What happens in an institution is a reflection of what goes on outside it."

MANY THINGS WRONG

But MARIANNE ROY, president of the Prisoners Rights League, said there are many things wrong with Archambault.

"Many inmates there are serving minimum 25-year sentences and it's their first time in prison. That in itself creates a desperate, no-way-out situation — already existent distrust is amplified. For most men, survival is all there is.

The biggest problem, Roy said, is that every time a group of prisoners organize an "inmates committee" (a standard prison committee of prisoners), the individuals involved are transferred out.

"The committee at Archambault has never been able to work," she said.

Horvat was a leader among inmates, said Archambault officials, who are baffled by his murder. Horvat, serving a life sentence for the drug-related murder of a teenage girl, had been in jail since his conviction in British Columbia in January 1974.

WENT ON RAMPAGE

He first made headlines in September, 1976, as a spokesman for prisoners in New Westminster, B.C., who went on a rampage for improved prison conditions and held a prison official hostage for 24 hours.

That hostage-taking incident sparked a parliamentary commission on federal prisons. Horvat was transferred shortly afterward to Archambault.

Of 65 commission recommendations for prison reform, 51 have been implemented, said Braithwaite. Nine are still in the process of implementation and five were not accepted.

Roy said "none of the recommendations that allegedly have been implemented have changed anything in prisons."

'WORSE THAN EVER'

"Archambault is worse than ever now," she said.

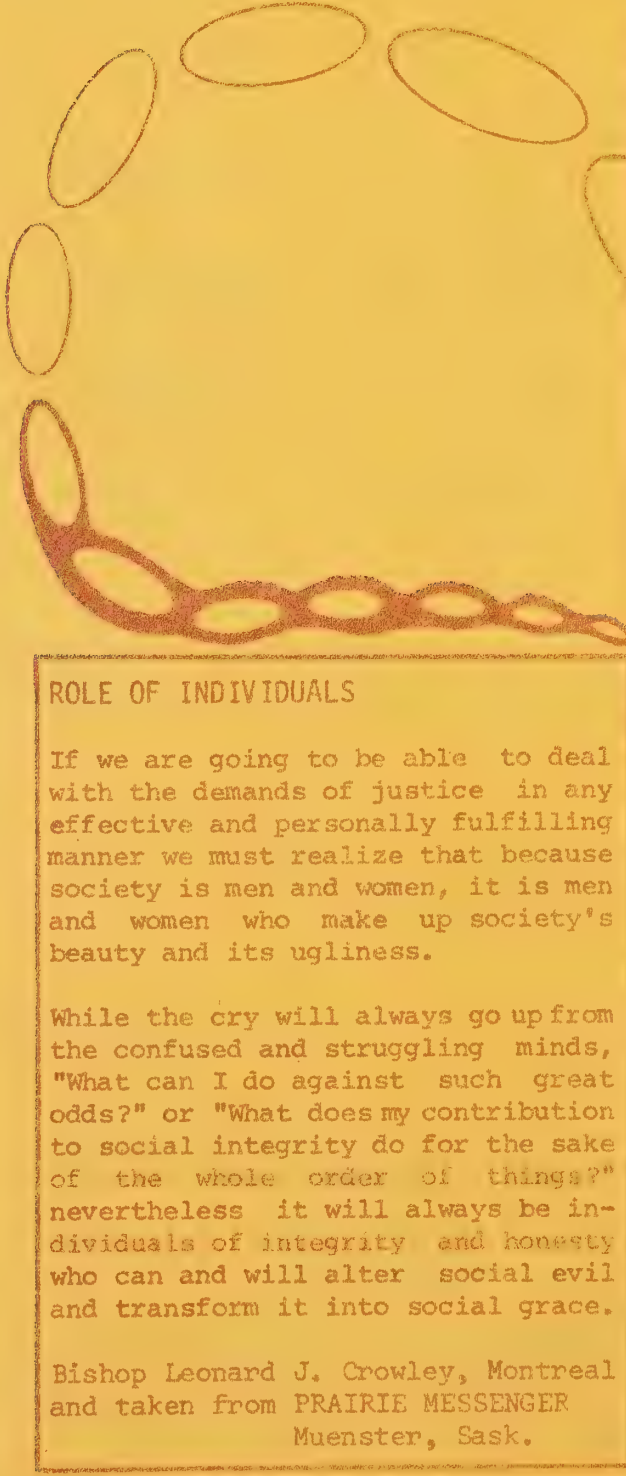
Better conditions and privileges won in 1976 after a peaceful 110-day strike by Archambault inmates were all withdrawn starting in mid-1977, she said.

For Horvat's wife, the fight has just begun.

"We were very close. We had plans for the future — he was up for parole in three years," she said.

"The only thing I can do now is continue what Ivan began — to fight to bring about change that could start positive things."

"We have to care enough to change the things that killed him." 2



"...A raging beast, like an excess of alcohol, reduces man to his most banal dimensions. And he is only slightly better behaved when observing human inmates of prisons and institutions. A creature, human or otherwise, that has had its freedom compromised has been degraded. In a subconscious reaction that combines guilt, fear and contempt, the Keepers of the caged -- even the observers of the caged -- are degraded themselves. The cage is a double jeopardy. Any bar whether concrete or intangible, that stands between a living thing and its liberty is a communicable perversity, dangerous to the sanity of everyone concerned." p. 95
ANOTHER ROADSIDE ATTRACTION by Tom Robbins.

ROLE OF INDIVIDUALS

If we are going to be able to deal with the demands of justice in any effective and personally fulfilling manner we must realize that because society is men and women, it is men and women who make up society's beauty and its ugliness.

While the cry will always go up from the confused and struggling minds, "What can I do against such great odds?" or "What does my contribution to social integrity do for the sake of the whole order of things?" nevertheless it will always be individuals of integrity and honesty who can and will alter social evil and transform it into social grace.

Bishop Leonard J. Crowley, Montreal
and taken from PRAIRIE MESSENGER
Muenster, Sask.

Citizen Involvement...

by Edna Lint and
Frances Kenny

IN THE FREDERICTON AREA A GROUP has been formed called NEW OUTLOOK. It was started in September 1978 by MARG GRIESBACH. The members are relatives of inmates of Springhill, Dorchester and Westmorland Institutions. The main interest of the group is to help the inmates and their families in any way possible.

To help us learn how the law works we have had guest speakers such as a defence lawyer, crown prosecutor, police detective and a parole officer. At our next meeting in March, a judge will be telling us how he makes his decisions.

Parolees are encouraged to attend the meetings with their families. The group supports them and helps them to face "the street" again. The parolees help the family members as well, by helping us understand what its like on the inside.

We got to meet and make new friends and we try to help solve problems through discussion.

We have learned to accept parole officers as friends. We have found that they are real nice people, that they do understand and can be called on for help.

When you have a family member in trouble, it really helps to know you are not alone.

The group was organized as a second goal of a S.S.E.A.P. project out of the Fredericton parole office in the summer of 1978. The first goal of this project was to set up a transportation system for families in the Fredericton area who were unable for various reasons to visit their family members in prison.

Presently, transportation is provided monthly to Springhill and occasionally to the Dorchester area. A van is rented and paid for by a government grant.

NEW OUTLOOK meets twice a month on the first and third Wednesdays. We thank the COMMUNICATOR for the opportunity to tell you about the group. Perhaps you will be hearing from us again.

EDITOR'S NOTE: NEW OUTLOOK is only one of a number of groups that we'd like to hear from. If you or your group are interested in having something appear within these pages, we will be glad to give you coverage.

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PAROLE BOARD CHAIRMAN EXPOSES MYTHS

CJOH "NIGHTLINE"

Ottawa, Jan. 29/80

MAX KEEPING: The chairman of the National Parole Board says Canadians are vitally concerned about the issues concerning our criminal justice system, but says William Outerbridge, people don't always view it realistically. Instead they cling to myths especially concerning parole.

REPORTER: Tonight the parole chairman had the opportunity to set the record straight from the board's point of view. At a public information meeting held at Ottawa's only half-way house for federal parolees, Outerbridge tried to strip away some of the fallacies about parole.

The 26-member board, he says, is completely independent of any outside pressure, even from politicians. The parole system has recently been amended to give the inmate being reviewed more safeguards. Currently, seven out of 10 parolees get through their time without falling back into trouble with the law. And, despite what the public may think, the board is granting fewer paroles than five years ago. Now only one in three inmates who are eligible will be granted parole.

But, Outerbridge said, the public is never quite satisfied.

WILLIAM OUTERBRIDGE: We have a hard time explaining to conservative groups the fact that we are really trying to control and let out those who are not dangerous. On the other hand, we have difficulty from civil rights groups explaining that we're not keeping the prisons-- the populations up.

ACCENT ON

By KEN MAHER
Staff Writer
AMERST DAILY NEWS

YOUTH

SPRINGHILL PRISON INMATES TOOK the first few steps on their annual 18-mile walk-a-thon Saturday when they introduced CON-WALK '80 to the public at a banquet at the medium security institution.

Five members of ACCENT ON YOUTH (AOY), a prisoners' organization that attempts to turn young people away from crime, will make the trek from the prison to Amherst May 31 to raise money for Little League baseball in Amherst and Springhill.

AOY chairman JOE BASHA explained that pledge sheets are being mailed out to businesses and individuals in the area to allow people to support the little league by donations or by pledging money according to the number of miles covered by the walkers.

The five "con-walkers" — Digger Doug, Chain Gang Kid, Dirty Dan, Sleepy BamBam, Solitary Timer and Six Man — will be attired in traditional prison garb — striped uniforms with ball and chain to match.

When the hikers reach the Amherst fire station, another inmate group will team up to take on the firemen on the baseball diamond. The firefighters, dressed in women's clothes, are well known for their drag bunts and switch-hitting, so the cons will have a fight on their hands.

ERNIE LeBLANC, one of the directors of the CON-WALK project, explained that the walk will benefit many kids in both towns, but particularly those who don't have an opportunity to take vacations or spend their summers in camps.

"It's a way to get the kids off the streets," said LeBlanc.

RECREATION VITAL

In his address to the inmate group and their guests, RON JEFFERSON, recreation director in the town of Springhill, said recreation programs in prisons "should be considered as important as a good diet and adequate job training."

Jefferson, a former recreation director at the Nova Scotia School for Boys in Shelburne, proposed the earmarking of government funds for recreation programs that really help to rehabilitate prisoners, and for vocational training that prepares them for productive employment outside the institution.

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Referring to prisons as "graduate schools of crime," Jefferson said "It makes little sense to ignore a vital opportunity for rehabilitation — the period of incarceration when inmates are a captive audience."

AOY IN CLASSROOMS

The ACCENT ON YOUTH got its start in 1976, as a community project of the Atlantic Jaycees, with an 83-mile walk from the prison to Truro. The three-day walk raised \$6,000 for Big Brothers-Big Sisters and the Canadian Mental Health Association.

The focus of the AOY program is a school-visit program. Inmates go out individually or in groups to talk to school classes, usually at the high school level, all over the Maritimes.

They tell the students about their early involvement in crime, how they ended up in prison and about the prison experience itself. The idea, as many AOY members express it, is simply to turn the kids off the path they may already be taking before they end up in the criminal justice system.

GLENN WALSH, a longtime AOY organizer and speaker, said the benefits of the straight talk are obvious.

Walsh told the audience that when he speaks to a student group, "I can see the message sinking in."

CONJUGAL VISITING IN PRISONS 'NECESSITY'

from The Gazette
Montreal

TORONTO — (CP) — IN A LARGE, BLEAK ROOM like a high school cafeteria, couples face each other from stark chairs. Their faces are strained, nervous, their hands groping over each other's bodies.

In the buzz of conversation, there is the urgent swish of clothing pulled aside, the rush of heavy breathing.

Occasionally a voice hisses, "stop," a slap rings out over the din. And from the floor, a small child begins to cry.

"Visiting your husband in prison is terrible," says Lou Ann Taggart of Kingston, Ontario. "But if you stay away, how is the marriage going to hold together?"

Mrs. Taggart, whose husband is serving six years for robbery with violence, is one of 3,200 wives and common-law mates of men locked up in Canada's federal penitentiaries. Two-thirds of the men are ineligible for temporary leaves to visit their families.

But if a new program proposed by the federal correctional service is adopted this year, she'll be able to spend two or more days at a time with her husband and children in a private family visiting unit within the prison walls instead of the present "open visits."

"Conjugal visiting is a real necessity now," says penitentiaries commissioner Donald Yeomans. "As far as I'm concerned, it can't begin too soon."

What Yeomans proposes is a group of living units — apartments, cottages or even mobile homes — constructed on prison property for "dignified family visiting" of convicts, their wives or common-law mates and children in conditions as close as possible to normal home life.

Women convicts with husbands or common-law mates and children — there are only 72 of them in the entire federal jail system — would be accorded the same privileges.

"This isn't coddling prisoners," Yeomans says. "It's an important way of reducing violence inside the penitentiaries as well as improving conditions for rehabilitation."

Like many experts, Yeomans believes the longer sentences resulting from the ban on capital punishment make the need for family visits more urgent.

Of the 9,000 prisoners in federal prisons, which house only those serving terms of two years or more, 114 men are in for more than 25 years.

The men ineligible for temporary absences include many jailed for violent crimes, who often become even more aggressive in the segregated confines of prison.

Aware of the threat to safety, as well as the need to keep convicts' families together, correction officials worked out detailed recommendations last year for a system of conjugal visits similar to those in parts of the United States. (Attica article in the last issue of the COMMUNICATOR)

The recommendations will be presented to a senior management team of the penitentiary service this spring, and officials are already optimistic it will be well received. No budget has been set, but building costs are expected to be "minimal."

However, Art Trono, director-general of Ontario's federal prisons, where most of Canada's federal criminals are housed, is less enthusiastic.

"If you give married men sexual privileges, you're asking for trouble," he says.

"More than half our population are young unmarried men with no permanent relationships. They need female contact as much as husbands do."



INMATES NEED VISITS

(from The Toronto Star)

The Canadian Corrections Service's plan to allow conjugal visits for federal prisoners is an idea that deserves support.

Allowing men and women locked up for long periods of time to enjoy sex with their mates is not a form of mollycoddling. It contributes to order and discipline in prison, helps preserve families and contributes to rehabilitation.

In Mexico, parts of the United States, and Sweden women are permitted to visit their mates in privacy. But Canada does not as yet allow such visits.

As a result, our prisons are described by penologists as "sexually overheated." Young people with normal sexual instincts are frequently driven into homosexual relationships that would be abhorrent to them in other circumstances.

Husbands, unable to fulfill their usual marital role and aware of their own sexual pressures, grow suspicious of their wives' conduct while they are away. Marriages that might survive as a lifeline to rehabilitation go sour and end in divorce.

Sexual frustration also contributes to the gratuitous violence so prevalent in Canadian prisons. Frustration translates readily into irritation, and irritation soon escalates into an exchange of insults between prisoners and guards or into vicious battles between inmates.

The problem is severe throughout Canada's prison system. In minimum and medium security institutions, inmates are allowed periodic "temporary absences," two-to-three-day leaves to visit their families. But these are generally too distantly spaced to make up for the loss of normal family relationships.

In all prisons, including maximum security institutions such as Millhaven, inmates are permitted regular "open" or "closed" visits by their families.

Prisoners considered dangerous are allowed only closed visits in which they are separated from their families by a heavy pane of bullet-proof glass and communicate with them only by telephone.

Those in the regular prison population meet their families in a large, heavily guarded room. Men and women cling to each other desperately in the presence of their children and other visitors.

Star writer Olivia Ward described it in a recent article as a degrading form of love-making in which stolen pleasures are acted out in the public forum of a guarded room.

Sweden sets aside small apartments or cottages on the prison grounds so families can spend a few precious hours of privacy together.

According to Scandinavian prison experts, the benefits to prison order and discipline are great. Sexual tensions are relieved, fragile relationships restored and the ability to express affection reinforced. Inmates are less likely to emerge from prison at the end of their term more brutish than when they went in.

The Swedes also face security problems. There is always the danger that a visitor who is allowed conjugal privacy will smuggle some form of contraband into the prison in spite of "frisk searches" and metal detectors.

But they have found that the consequences to prison discipline of denying conjugal visits are much worse than the risks that accompany them.

Penitentiaries commissioner Donald Yeomans has indicated his support of conjugal visits, but he is proceeding cautiously because he is unsure of public understanding and support.

It is important therefore, that all those who see the commissioner as being on the right track express their understanding and support. He will hear soon enough from those who fail to understand that the compulsory denial of human sexuality is a denial of humanity itself.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The Commissioner of Corrections address is: Mr. Donald Yeomans, Commissioner of Corrections, 340 Laurier Avenue West, Ottawa KIA 0P8 -- Show your support... write a letter now. 

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COMMITTEE NOTES:

by Drew Hennessey
Chairman

I WAS ASKED TO WRITE THIS ARTICLE AS A MEANS OF KEEPING YOU INFORMED ON what events and projects the INMATE COMMITTEE is working on. Well, for those who are genuinely concerned, there are a few things happening. As you should be aware by now the next FAMILY VISITING DAY will be held on JUNE 15TH and if all goes well those people involved will have as good a time, if not better, as the Family Day last December. Everything possible is being done to ensure that all will enjoy their visit.

Our washers and dryers are in the units now. All that remains is to have them hooked up and installed. We were told at our last meeting that they would be ready for operation in 6 to 7 weeks; 2 down 5 to go. For some strange reason, this procedure cannot be done by the Electrician Shop here in the institution, so it had to be put up for tender. But the washers and dryers, we've been told, will be ready at the end of the 6 to 7 week time period.

Undoubtedly, everyone has by now noticed, if not played, the electronic games in each of the units. I hear a lot of varied comments regarding them both pro and con. Some of which would not sound well in print, so I'll refrain from going any further on that one.

Our miniature golf course which had been abandoned late last fall should be completed before the end of the summer. I'm left wondering though, if Arnold Palmers among us here will be able to concentrate on their putts with all the noise that will be coming from the guys who will be whizzing back and forth on their roller-skates, which they have been given permission to purchase. I'm also wondering if I'll see signs along the highway one day in the future reading something like, "SPRINGHILL DOWNS, GOLF AND COUNTRY CLUB AND AMUSEMENT PARK... Next Exit."

It appears there are many guys here who are content to "do their time" in such a fashion, rather than try to do something constructive with it. If this is an indication of what is expected by a staggering proportion of this prison's population, I fear that I'll leave them to their unpredictable requests and get on with doing my own time.

By the time you have read this I will have vacated the position of Committee Chairman. I am leaving feeling that it is a shame that so many people around this institution can mistake kindness for weakness, and what is even worse abuse those who are being kind. The apathy of this institution's population goes beyond reason and is not something I am prepared to deal with in any political office such as the Inmate Committee is. Too many people are into nothing but whining about things and not getting off their asses and doing something about anything. Too many people are sitting on their hands and waiting for everyone else to do it for them.

I wish the next Committee Chairman good luck in trying to live up to the babble of the rabble.Ⓜ



ENERGY POLICY — WHO DECIDES?



"NOTHING SYMBOLIZES WHAT IS WRONG WITH ENERGY POLICY IN CANADA MORE THAN THE DECISION TO ALLOW ALMOST 4 TRILLION CUBIC FEET OF ADDITIONAL NATURAL GAS EXPORTS."

THIS DECISION to allow almost 4 trillion cubic feet of additional natural gas exports by the National Energy Board (NEB) means that we will pay HIGHER PRICES for natural gas in the future.

THIS DECISION also casts doubts on the promises of politicians who say they're pursuing policies of energy 'SELF-SUFFICIENCY' or 'self-reliance' but are really only talking about reducing oil imports, without looking at the effects of increasing exports of natural gas and electricity.

THE NEB DECISION means that the pressure to exploit more expensive non-renewable energy sources in the Arctic will increase. It will prevent the just settlement and implementation of the aboriginal rights of the NATIVE PEOPLES OF THE NORTH.

THE DECISION by the NEB also raises the question whether PETROCAN will be an effective agent of Canadian energy self-sufficiency even if it is saved from 'privatization' and its role expanded. This question arises because Petrocan has played an active role in Arctic oil and gas exploration and in continental export schemes such as the Polar Gas Pipeline, the Arctic Pilot Project for shipping Liquefied Natural Gas (LNG) in ice-breaking tankers, and the Alaska Highway Natural Gas Pipeline.

THE FUNDAMENTAL PROBLEM: WHO CONTROLS?

THE FUNDAMENTAL PROBLEM WITH ENERGY POLICY IN CANADA IS THAT INSTEAD OF PURSUING A COMPREHENSIVE PLAN AIMED AT USING THE AVAILABLE RESOURCES TO MEET THE LONG-TERM NEEDS OF THE CANADIAN PEOPLE, GOVERNMENTS CONTINUE TO RESPOND LARGELY TO INITIATIVES FROM THE PETROLEUM INDUSTRY.

Take the case of natural gas exports. As recently as 1977 the petroleum industry was telling us that we faced a shortage of natural gas by the early 1980s unless the government approved costly pipelines from the North. Only 5 years previously, when the industry wanted to justify substantial gas exports, the Canadian public was told that Canada had hundreds of years of supplies.

Once the Alaska Highway Natural Gas Pipeline was approved, its sponsors began to campaign for more exports to finance the early construction of its southern Canadian portions. When the NEB changed its formula for determining what constitutes a 'surplus' and announced last February that Canada had 2 Tcf available for export, that was still not enough. The industry campaigned vigorously for more. Even the 4 Tcf announced by the NEB in December, 1979 is not enough for industry spokesmen. These spokesmen do not point out that every cubic foot of natural gas exported now will cost more to replace later.

ENERGY STRATEGY: WHOSE PRIORITIES?

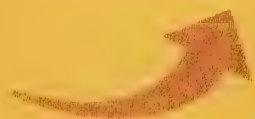
Corporate priorities are profit and growth. These objectives can be achieved by selling our resources on a continental market. The National priority must be energy self-sufficiency. That objective can be achieved through the conservation of renewable substitutes.

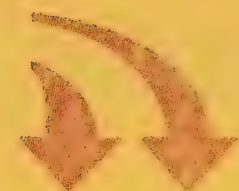
If the national priorities are to prevail, we cannot leave the initiative to the energy corporations, either private or public. If we do, we shall find ourselves paying about \$300 billion, over the next decade, for pipelines, synthetic oil plants, LNG tankers, and nuclear power. Most of these projects will be designed to serve U.S. markets not to achieve Canadian self-sufficiency.

PETROCAN: IS IT ENOUGH?

No. Petrocan has adopted a role that assists the multi-national oil giants. When Petrocan becomes involved in pipeline consortia or in frontier exploration or in LNG tankers it simply means that the Canadian taxpayer picks up part of the tab for these expensive and risky operations. It does not give public control over energy development. It does not constitute a comprehensive energy plan.

Government ownership and control of the entire petroleum industry is the norm in every major oil and gas producing country except Canada and the United States. Without at least controlling interest in the petroleum industry a policy of self-reliance cannot be implemented by any government.





CORPORATE CONTROL: WHO PAYS?

-We do.

-We pay in expensive energy to replace the cheap gas sold over the border.

-We pay in fewer jobs and leaner social programmes. The amount of capital is limited and as the bankers tell us, "there is room in the economy (for huge resources projects) if housing, government and consumer spending decline as a proportion of total spending."

-We pay in fewer jobs as money is directed towards capital intensive resource projects. The same amount invested in manufacturing and service sectors would create five or ten times as many permanent jobs.

-We pay in damage to the fragile northern development.

-Native peoples pay with the destruction of their cultural, political and economic rights. As Judge Berger said in his report, "The continued viability of the native economy should be an objective of northern development, not its price."

-We pay in further concentration of power in the hands of multinational corporations.

ENERGY ALTERNATIVES: WHAT'S THE HOLD UP?

Conservation and renewable energy sources offer not only assured supplies but also more stable prices and greater degree of local control.

They also offer more jobs at less cost and under safer working conditions. Already some farmers, workers, native peoples and local communities are exploring the possibilities of producing their own energy through solar heating, wind power, small scale hydro, methane from biodigestion of waste, grain alcohol, wood alcohol and tidal power. But the widespread use of renewable energy is still yet to be tried. It will remain untried as long as governments follow the lead of corporations with a heavy stake in perpetuating dependence on conventional energy. But conventional thinking has less and less place in a world running short of energy.2

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SENSORY FLOODGATES

Women and children are apt to be augmenters while older people and men are usually reducers.

All sensation isn't physical, as one can rock the boat with a few well-placed words and guts to boot.

(C) Guy F. Claude Hamel
Ottawa

CUSTODY

The wounded Irish patriot became a murderer during a holdup and felt the law's net.

A rare Nazi medal found on the body of his victim was the clue to congratulate him.

The Irish patriot was then pursued by misinformed Nazi-hunters, so he welcomed the big house.

(C) Guy F. Claude Hamel
Ottawa

CANADA WORST ENERGY WASTER

CALGARY -- Energy-guzzling Canadians may be rapidly earning themselves the contempt of world analysts. While other industrialized countries are pushing hard in a collective effort to conserve expensive energy resources, an effort considered vital to Western economic health, Canada lags far behind. Last year the Organization for Economic Co-operation and Development statistics showed Canada with the worst per-capita record for energy use in 1978 -- the energy equivalent of 7,600 tonnes of oil a year, about 63,000 barrels for each person. The bulk of industrialized countries had less than half Canada's per-capita use.

A "NEWS BRIEF" from
PRAIRIE MESSENGER
Muenster, Sask.

TWENTY-THREE DEFENSIVE

DRIVERS FOR THE FUTURE

by Barry Young

NOVA SCOTIA'S ROADS AND HIGHWAYS ARE AMONG THE UNSAFEST IN CANADA. In a province where more people are killed in single-car crashes per capita than anywhere in the country, seat-belt legislation, like the seat-belt in most fatal accidents, lies unused.

These facts were only a few of those taught to inmates at the medium-security Springhill Institution when the Department of Transport carried out a four-day course there on DEFENSIVE DRIVING. Jack Kline, a member of the sponsoring Recreation Department at the institution where the twenty-three prison inmates successfully completed the course, said he was impressed with the degree of interest demonstrated by participants in the course. He also said his department was looking forward to doing more of this kind of thing.

Mr. D.A. Coleman, supervisor at the Amherst branch of the Registry of Motor Vehicles, conducted the DEFENSIVE DRIVING COURSE. The course consists of films, discussions, literature and a series of straightforward lectures whose aim it is to impart the art of defensive driving techniques. As is true throughout the province, students who complete the four two-hour sessions which are spread out over four days in the non-examination course are presented with a card entitling them to recover four demerit points against their license within a year after taking the course. Although every province in Canada offers this kind of training to its drivers, only Nova Scotia gives card-bearing drivers the four-point recovery benefit.

Mr. Willie Gibbs, Warden at Springhill Institution, presented graduates with their certificates at the course conclusion. E.A. Lees, Supervisor of Recreation at the institution said his department will be sponsoring more of this type of course if there is an expressed desire for them among the institution's population. Jack Kline is looking into the possibility of setting up a first-aid training course for the near future. 2

pacified

a prisoner

lost his visits
for excessive kissing
so he molested another inmate

a prisoner

was beaten by guards
so he whipped another inmate

a prisoner

got raped
so he hung himself

and tonight

all the prisoners

are rushing to their cells

(stopping of course for ice-cream
pop-corn
and coke)

to watch the late movie

© Thomas G. Nickens,
Huntingdon, PA



In the mid-1800s, I.P. SEMMELWEIS discovered that the cause of child-bed fever was the failure of doctors to take the simple precaution of thoroughly washing their hands before going from the autopsy table to the delivery room. Semmelweis was hounded as a charlatan and a quack; he eventually died in an insane asylum in 1865.



Inmates,

By KEN MAHER
Staff Writer
Amherst Daily News

Families Reunited

SPRINGHILL -- FOR INMATES OF ANY PRISON, VISITING TIME IS PROBABLY AMONG THE happiest, a few hours that help to make a long prison term a little more bearable.

For 19 inmates at Springhill Medium Security Institution and the maximum security prison in Dorchester, this weekend's visiting hours had some extra significance.

The inmates, all natives of Newfoundland, were visited by members of their families, some of whom they hadn't seen in years.

The special two-day visit was the result of over two years' work and planning by the John Howard Society of St. John's, aided by a donation from the St. John's Rotary Club, special funding from the solicitor-general's department and inmate groups in both institutions.

Adrian Turpin, a John Howard Society worker who helped initiate the project two years ago, said it was an on-again, off-again program that had run into plenty of snags, but the results were worth it.

It was worth it for Drew Hennessey, as he sat with his mother, catching up on the news from home—Pauline Hennessey hadn't seen her son in seven years.



Brian Smith said he hadn't even planned to leave his cell in Springhill Saturday.

"All my buddies were going out to see their families," said Smith. He wasn't counting on getting a visit.

But his wife, Patricia, had been told only Thursday that she was being included in the group of 24 that left Newfoundland for Halifax airport Friday morning, some of them from as far away as Labrador.

Smith was still in his cell when he was called to the Visiting and Correspondence centre to see his wife Saturday morning.

All the inmates and family members who agreed to tell the Daily News about the project had high praise for the John Howard Society in cutting through the red tape necessary to making the trip a reality.

The financial help the society was able to gather up meant a lot to the visitors.

As one woman stated it, quite simply, "We couldn't afford to do it ourselves."

While in the area, the visitors, along with Turpin and Bernadette Glasco, a worker from the John Howard Society's group home in St. John's, were given reduced rates at motels in Amherst, and they were allowed to have their meals with the inmates at the institutions. Prison authorities agreed to relax the time limits on the visits as well.

Turpin said the selection of the Newfoundland inmates was not simply a random choice. Instead, the society looked at each inmate's record in prison, the time he had spent inside, the length of time left in his sentence and what role the visit might be expected to play in the inmate's rehabilitation.

The program could end with this single visit — but not if the inmates and the John Howard Society have their way. Turpin suggests it may be possible to set up similar visits in the future — after all, there are other inmates who have been isolated from their families and friends for long periods.

And Drew Hennessey, as chairman of the Springhill inmate committee, wants to make sure the solicitor-general knows the program is appreciated. He plans to write to the federal department to tell them just that.■

From Newfoundland, With Love

by Drew Hennessey

OVER THE PAST SEVEN YEARS OR SO of incarceration, I have witnessed the part visits play on an inmate's ability to serve his time. I have noticed a number of ways in which my fellow inmates are affected by getting visits from friends, family and loved ones. There are many who could not do their time without receiving visits. I have seen men go into states of deep depression and others become angry and hateful, if they fail to receive an expected visit. Although, I might add, there are those inmates who would much rather "do their time" without ever hearing from or receiving visits from anyone for the entirety of their sentence.

But what of the inmate who would like to receive visits but seldom does? There may well be some extraneous factor to account for his not being visited by his friends, family and loved ones. Factors such as financial hardship and geographical distances play a part. What is he to do? Where is he to turn?

For the Newfoundland inmates here in Springhill who would like to receive visits, there is at least an avenue for them to now travel, the JOHN HOWARD SOCIETY OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

On March 23rd and 24th, 1980, some thirty Newfoundland inmates at Dorchester and Springhill Institutions received visits from their families and friends. This special visit was a result of more than two years planning and preparation by the JOHN HOWARD SOCIETY OF NEWFOUNDLAND, with financial help from ST.



Continued on next page.

JOHN'S ROTARY CLUB, the SOLICITOR GENERAL OF CANADA and inmate groups in each institution.

Many times it seemed that the project would not materialize due to the setbacks and other problems encountered along the way. But it finally happened, and I can safely say that I have rarely seen such an elated group of inmates and visitors. Many of the people at the visit hadn't seen family members for quite some time. I had not seen my mother for more than seven years, and after the initial tears of happiness from seeing one another again we soon settled down to enjoy the remainder of our time together.

And enjoy it all we did! Neighbours and friends sat down to hear all the latest that's taken place

since their departures, and others made plans and discussed their futures. Dinners were provided for inmates and their visitors in the officer's dining hall and, I might add, the meals were well prepared and very much enjoyed by all. Really, I was surprised myself! I had not expected such a "scoff."

Before the visit expired, an event took place which surprised on-lookers. A few guitars, a stereo and some taped Newfoundland music were on hand. With the guitars strumming and the stereo playing, the people danced to the jigs and reels of Newfoundland. And she was a sight to behold, let me tell ya, B'y!

Alas, the time to say goodbye and shed another tear or two came. Most of us had no idea if and when we would receive another such visit and it was a sad time.

However, as of this writing, I have received correspondence from the JOHN HOWARD SOCIETY, signifying that another visit is a possibility. With the help of other inmates here, we hope to carry the project further, so that others may also get visits. For any information you would like please contact either DREW HENNESSEY or JOE BASHA, the inmate representatives for the JOHN HOWARD SOCIETY OF NEWFOUNDLAND. 2

Come What May

As long as April winds away
into the month of May;
long as night will follow day,
I will love you
come what may

As long as there will be
a river or a sea,
long as there is you or me,
I will love you
eternally

For it matters not in life
what fate or fortune bring,
when love and love alone
makes all the difference in everything

As long as April winds away
into the month of May;
long as night will follow day,
I will love you
come what may

© Ralph Cochrane
Springhill



atlantic wholesalers

"serving the Maritimes"
grocery distributors to the independant retail trade

Head Office
Sackville, N.B.

"B.S."

Talkin' 'bout shag-nasty hip-clippers
struttin' the bricks, sayin'
"Oooh-la-oui I shaw gotta see"

Talkin' 'bout high-heel clickers, sportin'
mini-minds flashin' maxi-lash hearin'
"Hey slick-n-sassy wanna gyrate?"

Talkin' 'bout scarlet maned chippies flexin'
fresh flesh, coppin' class cash doin'
Five-n-dime joy toys

Talkin' 'bout H-D-s makin' big roars scorin'
sweet butts, swillin' cheep wine havin'
Slow times in ah fast life just
Bull-shittin' 'bout memories 'cause
they ain't no new.

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Huntingdon, PA

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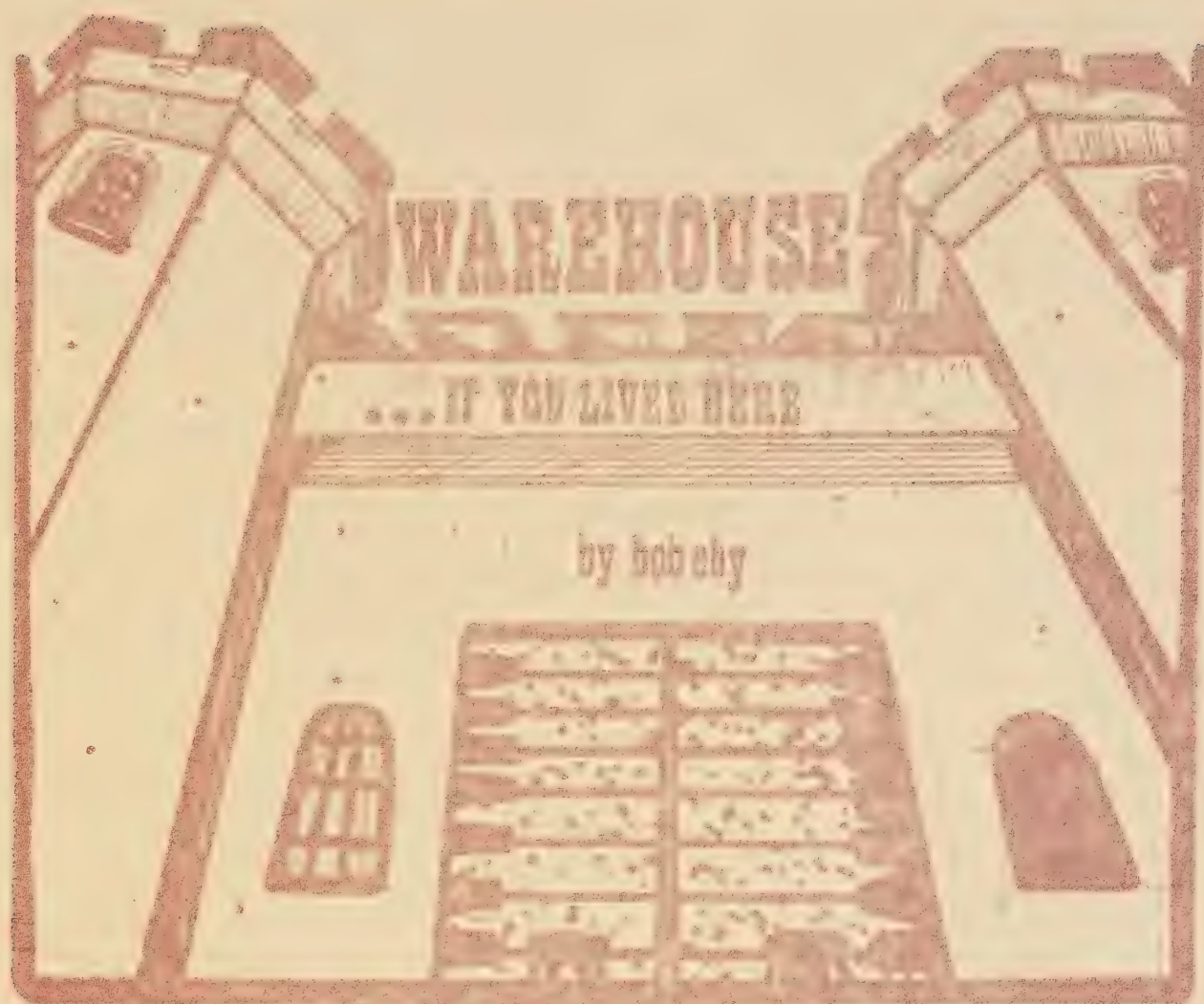
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WAREHOUSE: ...If You Lived Here will be seen in each issue. It is a fictional journal, a fantasy, reflective of the author's prison experiences in a maximum-security penitentiary. All names and events mentioned are historically fictional but poetically true, and will remain so protecting the guilty.

IT'S A SMALL WORLD (PART ONE)

I CAN REMEMBER THE FIRST TIME I WAS INTERVIEWED BY A CLASSIFICATION BULL. It didn't go quite the way it has with any since. It was back in the days in Anitown Pen when classification staff were thought of as nothing but records gatherers for the security department. It was also at a time when they were just beginning to classify people according to the type of crime they committed, and paroles were something you only heard about. They used to give out maybe a thousand a year across the whole country. Rapists and diddlers were considered the best parole risks -- we figured because they were nearly impossible to catch and looked good statistically, and I can recall guys saying, "Shit, next time I rob a fuckin' bank, I'm screwin' the manager on the way out the door; that way I'll get me a patrol...." We all understood the grain of truth in that.

Anyway, knocking at his office door and after being told to come in, I stepped through the doorway and was greeted by a man of about forty with longish, black hair which kept falling down over his eyes. He perpetually squinted through horn-rimmed glasses that kept sliding down his nose, causing him to crinkle it, pushing the glasses back where they felt more comfortable. His blue serge blazer was right out of an Eatons catalogue, as was the maroon broadcloth tie he wore. He had on grey flannel trousers, the kind rubbies sleep in, and black oxford shoes which hadn't been cleaned

in months. His white shirt, like his tie, was spotted with a month's supply of 'the wife's' homemade. The white ankle socks he wore kept falling around his shoe tops, exposing coarse black hair down past his ankle bones. There was a gaping hole at the heel of one of them. I smiled inwardly, imagining his furry feet.

He looked up from a file folder he had in front of him on the desk and said, "So... you are Robbins."

I knew more was being said than what I heard, so I didn't answer.

He turned his head slightly, cocking it to one side, pushing his glasses up again with a twitch of his nose and said, "Aren't you 8729 Robbins?"

"I'm Jesse Robbins alright, but you wouldn't know the difference," figuring that would give him something to gnaw at.

"What do you mean 'know the difference'? Are you trying to be smart?"

"It wouldn't make much sense doin' that around here... a guy'd get awful lonely."

"Your attitude is going to get you in a lot of trouble, Robbins."

"I'm already in more than I can handle, but its got nothin' to do with altitude."

He got up from behind the desk and moved over to a filing cabinet in the corner of the room, piles of files and letters atop the cabinet made it look like it had o.d.'d, the accumulated filth oozing its way out the top. While sorting through the files, he asked, "What block they put you on, 'C'?"

"Yeh, right by the Dome, where I get to see everythin' that's goin' on. It's a regular freak show, with everybody comin' by to look at the geek in the first cage!"

"You know, Robbins, you're going to be here for the full five years of your sentence if you don't get that chip off your shoulder. You started out by attacking an officer and having to be forcibly restrained and put in segregation your first day in the institution. Why don't you start getting wise to how to do your time? Lots of men here have more to complain about than you and less potential and intelligence to work with, but they get settled down. Why don't you give it a try?"

"Gettin' settled down is exactly what I'm worried about... and what's this shit about intelligence and potential... you figure I must have some smarts because we're talkin' at each other? That kind of patronizing'll get you a hook to the short-ribs and me in trouble deep. Look, you do the classifyin' and I'll do my time the best way I know how... but I'll do it!"

"Alright, if that's the attitude you are going to go with, it is fine by me. But you should know by now that you are going to have to get along around here. The staff are trained and there is nowhere to go. You are going to have to deal with things as they are. They will not be changing anything to suit your tastes... this is a prison and you will do what you are told, and that is the way it is. So you had better get used to it and do what you have got to do to get along."

"You sure have a way with words... for a minute there I thought you were blowing your liberal, social worker cover and telling me what I was going to have to do...."

He lit a cigarette and sat back down behind his desk. Looking up over the file folder in his hand, he said, "According to your file this is your first time as a federal inmate but you have been in and out of institutions since you were eight or nine... I would have thought you would have learned something during all that time...."

"Oh, I learned things alright... but not what you people have been trying to shove down my throat. Your idea of me as a good inmate doesn't fit with my notion of me as a healthy, happy person. Conformity, to you, is an ideal. You've probably never done anything different, anything scary in your whole life, and you think everybody else should be the same. That's not for me, and never will be."

"No... but you think breaking the law is 'cool' and having to live in and out of prison is 'healthy and happy'? You're kidding yourself, Robbins, and its time you got wise to it."

"And your way is the way I'm going to get wise, huh!"

"My way, as you call it, even though you haven't given me a chance to tell you what I've got in mind, may not be the only way but it is better than what you have been doing with your life. I'm not serving a prison sentence for taking what doesn't belong to me, I'm not unhappy with my life, I've got a wife and children I support and who need me. What have you got to show for your 'healthy, happy' way besides time?"

"I've never at any time said that breaking the law is cool, even though there are laws that should be broken because they are arbitrary and only exist to force people who have no power to knuckle under to those who have

it. The laws I've broken are good laws in that they ideally protect ordinary people from having their property stolen, but who protects those same people from the rich and powerful, who protects people like me? This society has as many poor and disenfranchized as it does because the powerful take what they want... and it's not even called crime! They get rich and are respected for their ability to rip everybody off. And then when a schmuck like me comes along and comes up against the way the world works against those without the credentials and club memberships and we try to get a share of what the rich have stolen before us, we get labelled as criminals and thrown in prisons and mental institutions...."

"You don't think everybody already knows all that?"

"The way people without money and connections who get caught breaking the law get treated should tell you that people in general don't understand that's the way it is. I mean, to fuck somebody else around for what you and your kind did to get where you are is hypocritical!"

"Of course it is, and everybody knows it is... but the point you are missing is that most people are not the ones you are talking about. Most people are law-abiding in the big ways and work for what they get, and aren't overly interested in getting rich and powerful. Some of those who are go on to run things, but most of us, even though we know the laws are made to protect the rich more than they do us, most of us go along with the system because we all get some benefits from it, even though the benefits are unevenly distributed. Everybody knows all that; why is it that you have the idea that not everybody already knows? What makes you think you are so different from everybody else?"

"Because, Goddammit, I'm getting treated differently... and I always have been, even before I broke the law."

He got up from behind his desk and walked over to the filing cabinet and stood by it, half leaning on the files and lighting another cigarette. "I think your biggest problem is that you have the mistaken notion in your head that you are the only one who has ever understood the way things work. You aren't really concerned about right and wrong, you are more interested in your being right and everybody else living by that than you are about living right yourself. You talk about these things so you won't have to do anything about yourself, so you can continue on as though you are not part of the problem...."

"That's a lot of horseshit! Who the fuck are you to talk? Tell me about how much you do for everybody else. Shit, you wouldn't be working here at this kind of job if you weren't getting paid as much as you do, and if it didn't give you a chance to lay numbers down on other people and feel righteous for it... you don't give a shit about any of us!"

"I never said I did! You are the one who is making all the assumptions about right and wrong, who is good and who is bad. I work here because it pays damn good money and the job security is good... there will always be people like you around who have to be coerced into living by the rules. And even though I know, as any reasonably intelligent person does, that society is a long way from perfect, I also know that most of the people on this planet are worse off than any of us, and I am not about to feel guilty for what I do because you can't stop pretending to yourself that you are the only ones, you and your friends, who know what is going on. It's time you got wise, Robbins. It's time you got to work and did something about yourself and the way you are going."

"Yeh, right, says the fifteen thousand dollar a year flunky for the pigs. I don't give a damn what you say or think... what should anyone expect coming from a hired flunky but the party line?"

"Robbins, you haven't been listening... I've read your file and I know you have good reason to be angry and hurt, but can't you see that you are only perpetuating the bad start you got in life? Can't you stop feeling sorry for yourself long enough to pick up on the truth... you have been your own worst enemy. Stop pretending you don't understand, because you and I both know you do. You don't care about yourself but you expect other people to."

I stood up from where I was sitting in front of his desk and turned to leave the room, saying, "Like I said, you can feel comfortable from where you are, you're getting it all... what have you got to worry about? You're cashin' in on the grief of others, pretending to care and getting respect and prestige under false pretenses...."

"Come off it, Robbins, we all care somewhat. It's just that you expect others to care more than they can. You are a phoney yourself... you pretend not to care what I think but we have been here talking for almost an hour and haven't even gotten around to talking about what I called you up for." He came out from behind the desk, tossing the file folder on top of

the cabinet and saying, "Let's break it off here, while we are still able to converse rationally with one another. I'd like to talk to you again...."

I walked out into the hall and started on my way back to the Dome without saying anything more. Thinking about what had been said back in the bull's office, I was left with the impression that he and I would be talking again. "He's a strange fucker," I thought, "I've got a few things to straighten him out on later."

Out Of The Woodwork

by John Torrie

INSIDE AN 18TH CENTURY MANSION SOMEWHERE IN THE STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS, an exhausted C.K. Richmond rests comfortably in his favorite chair. His eyes stare ahead, taking in nothing but yet everything. He is alone. All the servants have long since gone home.

On an outside lawn a figure clad in black makes its way along the hedges. A flashlight, barely perceivable in the dark and foggy night, is gripped tightly in his gloved hand.

C.K.R. gets up and looks out the window, thinking he has heard a sound. He lingers at the window a moment longer, then retreats to his faithful lay-z-boy. With the thought of having his hearing checked, he drifts into a much awaited sleep.

At the side of the house a window is pried open, but not without making a large creaking sound. Under normal circumstances, C.K.R. would have waked immediately to such a sound, but this was not the case this night. The events of the day had been truly tiring; so much had happened in so little time.

The black clad figure makes its way through the window with ease, ghosting over the sill, giving the impression of a man well accustomed to this particular procedure.

C.K.R. turns restlessly in his sleep.

The figure stops momentarily, adjusting eyes to the darkness of the room. Straining ears for a trace of sound, none is found. The house is dead... quiet.

He begins moving silently through the room, disregarding the many valuables his low-beam flashlight makes perceptible. He is not there to steal ... another reason brings him to this house at so late an hour.

Again, C.K.R. turns restlessly. Small beads of sweat stand out on his forehead. What he dreams we do not know. Maybe he is reliving what happened that day.

Entering another room the figure discards the flashlight gently on a nearby sofa. The light shining under the door at the head of the room casts room-length shadows across the hardwood floor. The shadow-figure makes its way toward the door; slowly at first, and then with a more hurried pace. Finally, his gloved hands are on the doorknob and turning it. The door opens easily, quietly, on well-oiled hinges. The figure steps into the spacious den where a man sleeps undisturbed in a lay-z-boy chair.

Reaching inside his outer garment, a long, thin dagger is withdrawn. The figure moves stealthily forward, dagger clutched low out in front of his body in an underhanded, knife-fighter grip. He moves toward the sleeping man. The distance between them closes quickly.

Within a few feet of the sleeping form, a misplaced foot hits a table leg, causing a glass vase to come crashing to the bare wooden floor. Things happen quickly...

C.K.R. wakes just in time to see a figure clad in black holding a dagger within a tightly clenched fist. He watches a second more, seemingly paralyzed with fright by the slow-motion, arcing thrust of the long knife blade. He makes a mad lunge with his right hand, grabs hold of the plug and yanks it from the wall outlet.

The shadow-figure fades, a creature of light, from the screen.

THE GROUNDHOGS

Outside the prison fence
the groundhogs
move up and down the grassy slope,
eating.
As we drive away
the dusk on the grass
deepens in their full, brown bodies.

We'd heard how the guards
at the gate house
took a B-B gun to them
and got a few
before they tunneled underground,
went down their holes
to the interlocking cells
of safety.

Next week we saw the groundhogs
in the morning rain,
their dark fur clean and shining
in gray light.

I thought of them
inside.

Finished

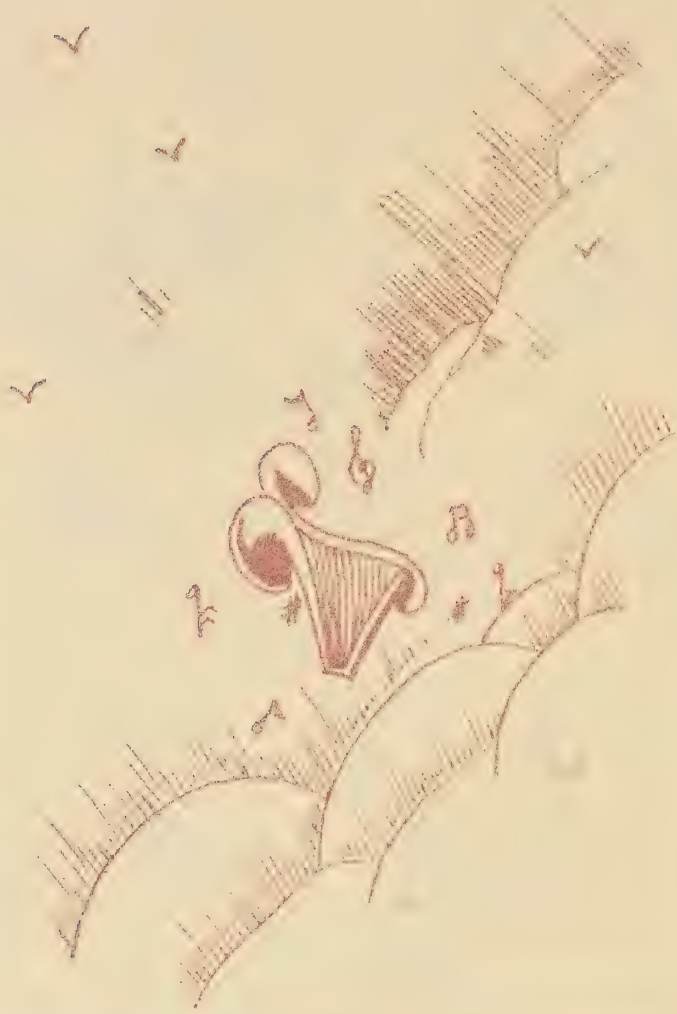
old man
finished with murdering
his wife,
finished with doing
time,
has nowhere to go,
no one left,
because outside
finished with him,
so he sleeps here,
and takes his meals in the mess,
and walks sun-up to sun-down
from bench to bench
talking to himself.



The Miniature Golf Course

The inmates built a miniature golf course,
dug channels,
laid in the wooden structure,
and the cut up green felt.
Some dug it
rather than creative writing,
all the pretty little toy buildings
with their flags
flapping in the wind.





KITE

Daily

from the men's cottages
inside the wall
a kite rises
until it is smaller
than any bird,
or airplane,
until it disappears
as it is let go

daily

from the men's cottages
inside the wall.



GUARD IN THE HALL

Guard in the hall
starts telling us
how he's been studying
Zen for years
and Hinduism
and all that stuff
about love, and he's
been writing stories
about a
Utopia
where he knows the people
he invents.
Sometimes he goes there
to visit friends,
tell them all about
this place,
and he notices
how they've grown and
changed since he saw them
last.



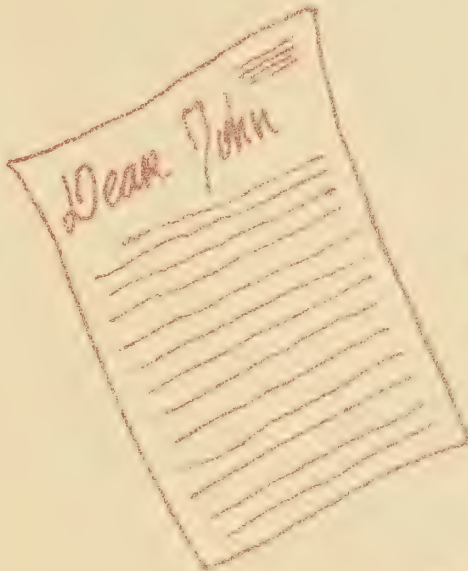
Five poems © Penny Harter
Ms. Harter is a widely published poet who lives in New Jersey. The poems presented here were written while conducting workshops in poetry and fiction at Clinton Correctional Institution for Women, Clinton, NJ, for Project Culture USA.

Subtraction

When I first arrived
I marked off the days
One at a time
Often before the full twenty-four.

Six months later
I'd wait a week
Then on Sunday
I'd cross seven in succession
religiously.

Next I was xing months
That slowly turned into years
The quicker they pass, the better
I've got seven left to do.



The Unknown

Don't stonewall me in
Without saying a word
I'm already in your prison
Don't weld the door.

Your silence chills
Like child abuse
Your neglect kills
Using a subconscious noose.

My spirit floats my life
Between solid cell walls
I wait for a reply
To an unheard voice.

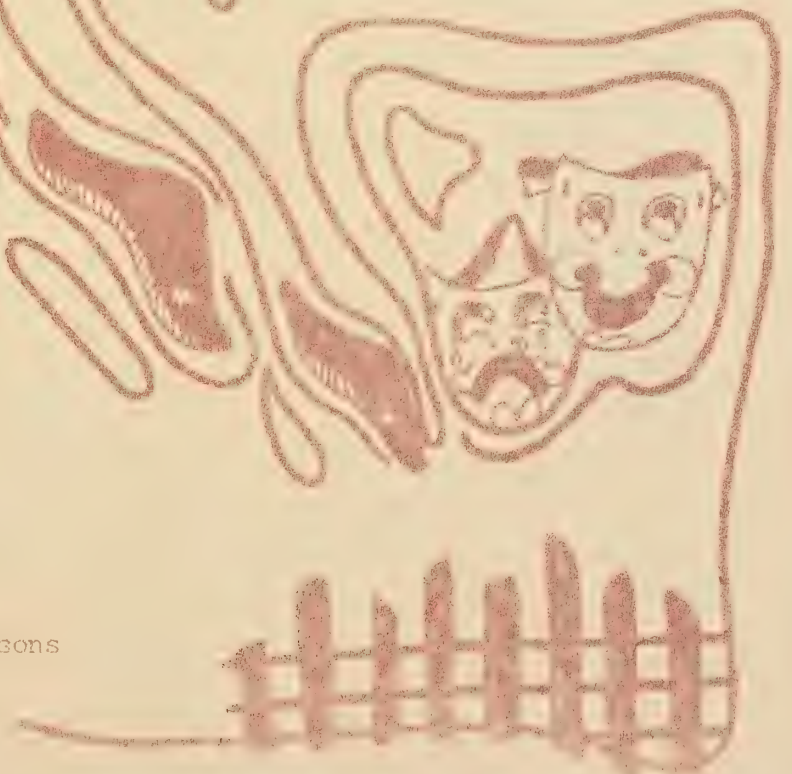
The trouble is, not knowing
I can only guess your intent
For leaving me alone
Echoes---answer my questions.

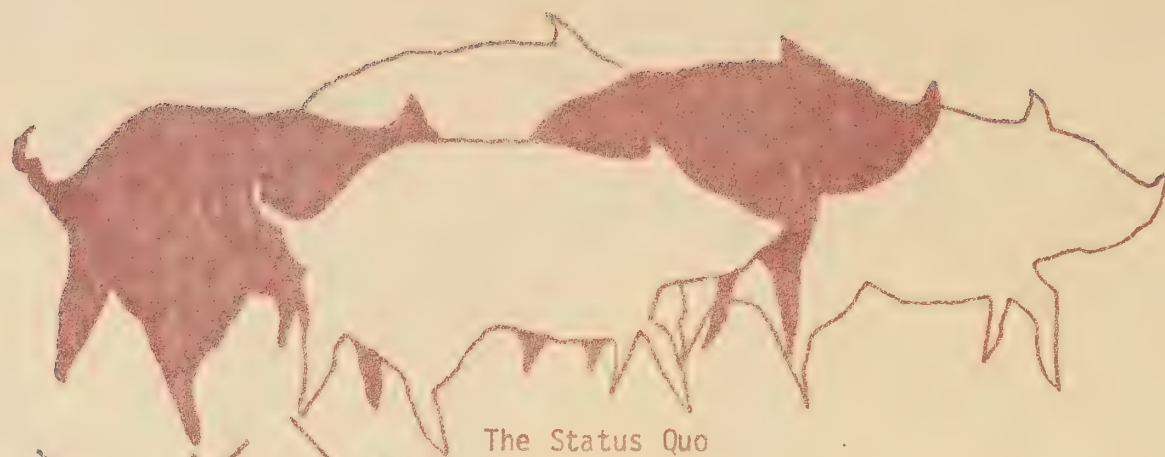
Law n Order

In the dark ages
Before science
Proved it folly,
Leeches were applied
To the sick
to suck the bad-blooded
Evilness
Out of the body.

And O were the doctors
Surprised
When the poor man
Died.

Today
Leeches wear badges
On streets, in courts, in prisons
And no-one's surprised
When people die.





The Status Quo

It's all a big hussle
With a bunch
Of little hussles
Inside.
It's all a game
A scam
They're runnin
Crammed with lies.

The worst, the sneakiest, the really dangerous
Aren't behind the walls
But go home
On the outside
Every night
Makin phone calls
Shakin hands
Countin money
Wearin ties
Smiling.

It's a hell
Of a system
They got it down pat
Just another business
A product to be packed
There's alot of money in it
And no consumer advocates
To worry about.

So the machine
Keeps churnin and turnin
Spinnin a web-full
Of catch-22's
No one to turn to
No court of appeals
On our side.

It's "just-us"
They say
As they drink
Their bloody-marys
And try
not
To cut themselves
In the morning;
Mirrored
As they shave.

All four poems

©1979 Tim England
Moberly, Mo

JAIL JAZZ

1.

Personal effects

-into a plastic baggie

Your clothes, your personality

-off

Life's tags: name religion crime

-buried on a form

Dirt, the last loveable vestige

-gone

Like cattle through a series of gates,
we are channeled into the joint.
In successive locks, the walls talk;
the camera eyes us one and each.

There with my bedding,
I feel rudely ejected from youth,
shoved at large into a futureless manhood.

Never before have I felt so ashamed
of something about me,
I guess every thing about me,
I guess me.
Never before so plain.

Shuttled inside, the first sight:
a slop pail. The first sound:
an unfamiliar slang.

No smells of family's homes here.
No richly layered texture.
The syncopated, the synesthetic: elsewhere.
This is the sanctuary of bestiality.
Physicality, the dominant.

11.

It has been 11 days
according to the Xed calendar.
Back to the readings and the meditation.

It's no use.
These archetypal activities do not appease time.
Time cannot be possessed.

One day I find myself
not reading not thinking not dreaming
not chewing several times
not taking advantage of every minute of exercise time.
I find myself
waiting
not for release not for dinner
just waiting

111.

Somewhere someone's paging through Gent.
42 an' a coffee, standin' on my head..

There was a wrist slashing party last night.
Now there's 2 in the hospital
and 1 in the hole.

I only got 1 and a bit to go.
Somewhere someone's waiting for cell count
at a urinal.



IV.

Cell count! Lock up!
Lock up! Cell count!

My next door neighbours
would make a great police line-up.

There was the 200 lb. sniveler
who was laid out by the 100 lb.
taciturn Cree (another neighbour).

There was the guy who was proud
of the criminal tradition in his family.
He taught me how to score a 2nd dessert
so he could have 3.

There was the Indian landscape painter
who was laid out in the showers
(they thought he had V.D.).

There was the 'Captain'
who howled like a baboon
when his ol' lady miscarriaged
and he was refused permission to visit.

V.

"306 an' a coffee!"
shouts someone, then he laughs.
It's as similar to a madhouse
as is any institution.

One week ago I was 7 an' a coffee.
"He's so fuckin' short —
Watch out you don't step on him!"
I hoped no one would.

Yesterday I was 1 an' a coffee.
Today I'm drinking the coffee
while everyone else sleeps the dreamy sleep
between 6:30 breakfast and 8:00 workgangs.

By noon I'll be free
with \$28 and 50 ¢
and a bus ticket to the border:
3 miles past a dying town
in the middle of the prairie.

Jail sharpens your sense of absurdity:
a handy weapon to carry.

VI.

Jail furrowed a trench across my life,
a trench that cut roads, paths and bridges,
a trench that arrested a prairie fire.

Yet one drum of my mind
plays back that cold-hearted
and interminable jazz of the joint:
a personal effect that I acquired.





"Guilty... with exterminating circumstances."

A POEM IN ONE ACT

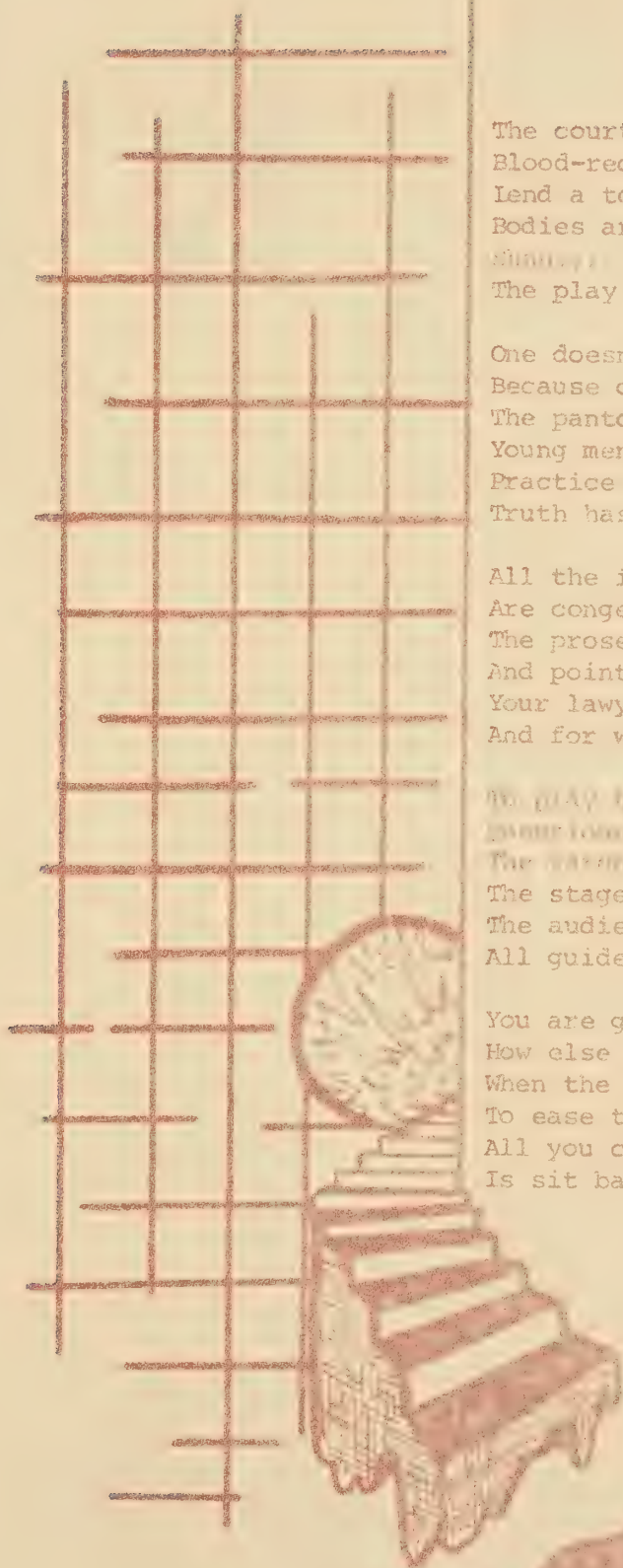
The courtroom setting.
Blood-red carpets and curtains,
Lend a touch of the macabre.
Bodies are arranged to accent their importance.
The play begins.

One doesn't need to hear to understand
Because over the centuries,
The pantomime has been perfected.
Young men with old eyes,
Practice their craft persuasively.
Truth has no place here.

All the ingredients for a tragedy,
Are congealed within this room.
The prosecutor froths at the mouth,
And points the accusing finger.
Your lawyer is quick to counter...
And for what?

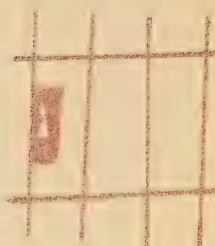
To play the game, the rules must be followed.
The game must be played out.
The stage, the actors,
The audience, the critics,
All guided by an unknown hand.

You are guilty of course.
How else could it be?
When the players want a loser,
To ease their own shame.
All you can really do,
Is sit back and listen to the reviews.



Praise the Quakers

Anybody that would turn the key
on a human being
for profit or otherwise
is totally committed
to Social Vampirism
and is the kind
that would chew eggs
for nourishment.



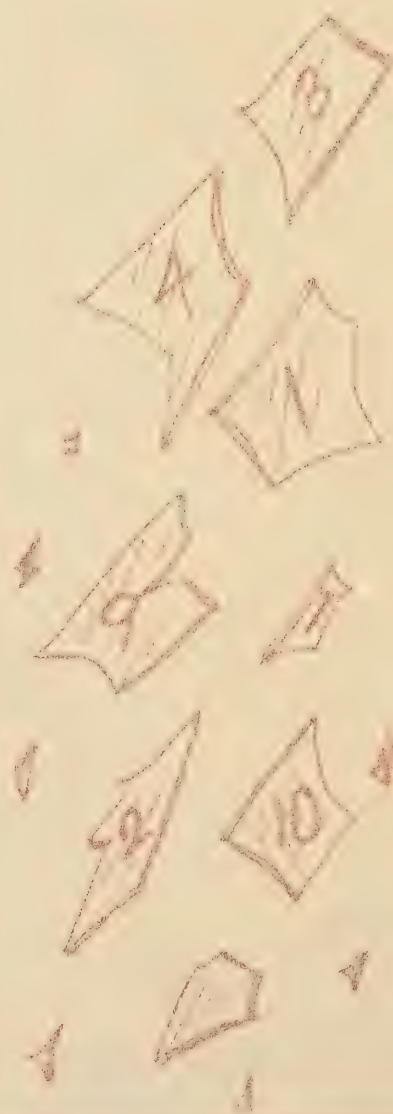
ON THE EDGE

A young man
who has learned to hate and fear
himself
because his elders
have shown him might is right,
bears no resemblance
to the suckers
that push him and pull him
to show him the way,
and will surely never
inherit the earth.



Say Uncle

1.... 2.... 3....
There he goes
Continuing his fascination
With Numerology.
4.... 5.... 6....
I wonder what will happen
When he runs out of
Fingers?
7.... 8.... 9....
My assessment is due
Any day now
Then I can have my Hearing.
Punch... Whirr... Click...
Check in, check out,
I can see the glowing reports
Coming in.
10... 11... 12...
Relatives say how good
I am, how bright,
Their priest agrees.
13... 14... 15...
They tell of the new job
And home that's
Awaiting me.
16... 17... footsteps...
Everybody likes me,
That and a couple of dimes
Might get me a cup of coffee.



(Cont. from p 8)

young prisoner was gambling on his belief that the two countries would soon establish diplomatic relations. He was right, and by the time his report arrived in Moscow so had the envoy of the Polish government-in-exile. As a result of his report, Grygier became the Polish government's representative in northern Russia, and he earned the respect of his Russian hosts by organizing a cottage industry that produced snowshoes for the Red Army.

The Russians saw him as spy material, he says, and they tried to convert him in a standard brainwashing exercise. "I was taken to see a man they called the 'Terror of Siberia.' One minute he'd be screaming at me, threatening my mother and sister, who were also in Russian hands. Then suddenly he'd be friendly and understanding. I recognized the technique—it was simple Pavlovian conditioning. So I counterattacked. First, I cringed in my chair and stammered. Then, when he thought he had me broken down, I started yelling at him. I told him I'd see that rumors about him got back to Moscow, and he'd be in trouble." The Terror of Siberia gave up on recruiting Tadeusz Grygier.

When relations between the Russians and the Polish administration deteriorated, he was evacuated to Tehran, then served briefly in the Polish Ministry of Information in London. At the end of the war he resumed his studies in psychology and criminology at London University but became obsessed with the idea of going to Germany and interviewing concentration camp victims. He was unable to enter Germany legally, so he bought a British officer's uniform with Red Cross insignia at the Portobello street market and went to Paris; there he coned his way onto a Germany-bound American military train. In the next three months he talked to hundreds of former inmates of Belsen and Auschwitz. His findings were published in 1954 in his book Oppression. Its theme—that people who are oppressed will seek, in turn, to oppress others—has been played out in Africa and Israel.

Grygier lived in Britain for 15 years after the war, teaching and pursuing his studies in psychology and criminology. He was hired as a consultant by the United Nations and several corporations. He devised the Dynamic Personality Inventory, a psychological test that has been used by company executives to measure job talents and by prison

officials to classify criminals.

In 1960 Grygier came to Canada to teach at the University of Toronto and later at the Universities of Ottawa and Montreal. He also spent four years in the mid-60s as research director for Ontario's corrections ministry. Allan Grossman, the minister at the time, gives him credit for many of Ontario's pioneering reforms in corrections.

Today, separated from his wife, his children grown, he lives alone, almost like a hermit, in an Ottawa condominium townhouse that's stacked on five floors. Occasionally he'll eat perogies at a neighborhood Polish restaurant with his friend Adam Podgorecki, a Carleton University sociology professor. But usually he dines at home and saves every little leftover. Possibly because of the poverty and the hunger he once knew in Siberia, he's a compulsive hoarder. His trousers are apt to be threadbare at the knees; some of his shoes are 30 years old. The walls of one room in his townhouse, however, are covered with trophies he's won with his yachts. In the summertime he escapes whenever he can on the Calypso, his Shark series 24-footer. In winter he spends most evenings working in his den.

He's working now on a challenge posed by John Siu, a correctional service deputy commissioner in charge of policy planning for Canada's penitentiaries. Siu recently appointed Grygier to a nine-member advisory committee on long-term penitentiary planning; a few months ago, Siu asked the committee members to write a profile of the typical Canadian offender in the year 2000, speculate on how society might regard that criminal, and design an appropriate system of criminal justice.

Grygier has made some predictions in a preliminary report. One of them is that Canada is outgrowing its string-'em-up approach to crime, and that not too far in the future Canadians might agree that punishing offenders is a waste of time. Grygier could be dead wrong. But then a lot of British sailors thought he was crazy 20 years ago when he suggested that a crew could win an ocean race by ignoring the prevailing winds and tides and setting their sails according to what was likely to happen in the next few hours. The first time he experimented with his new theory he won the race. So the winds of change forecast by Tadeusz Grygier might soon be blowing through Canada's prisons. 2

SPORT SECTION

AL BALTZER

R IN THE SPORTING NEWS, THE TWO BIG EVENTS THIS TIME OF YEAR ARE THE end of the hockey season and the start of the ball season.

In hockey, the season ended with NUMBER EIGHT in first place. Led by excellent goal tending from DOUG CATTON and a lot of hard work from everyone, they hung on in the last few games when key personnel were missing, to clinch the title. However, the playoffs were to be another story.

NUMBER EIGHT was taken 3 games to 1 by NUMBER NINE, who were rejuvenated by the return to their line-up of this year's Most Valuable Player, JIM BRYAN. This was a series which saw some good hockey, but the loss of SACK SULLIVAN, NUMBER EIGHT'S high flying center for 3 of the 4 games, hurt a lot.

In the other semi-final, NUMBER ELEVEN, who were jostled around all year, finally put it together and whipped a once strong NUMBER TEN team. They had lost too many key defencemen in the last few weeks of the season to carry on in the playoffs. Up front the THORNE and RUNDLE lines were still capable of scoring a lot of goals, but they were shut down by a determined NUMBER ELEVEN team.

The finals saw NUMBER ELEVEN and NUMBER NINE meet. It would seem, looking back now, that everyone knew the potential of this NUMBER ELEVEN team but no-one wanted to admit that the team had any. Well, WASHBROOK went goal crazy, WHITE dinged everything in his way, MARCOTTE streaked by everyone and the final result saw NUMBER ELEVEN emerge this year's champs. I firmly believe that had this team had an easier go of it during the regular season they could very well have finished in first place. They were the only team in the league this year to play back-to-back Sunday and Monday night games every second week.

The final results of the season are listed below. JIM BRYAN, Number Nine, was MOST VALUABLE PLAYER, DAVE WHITE, Number Eleven, was TOP SCORER and DOUG CATTON, Number Eight, was BEST GOAL TENDER. The Communicator's SPORTS STAFF choose MONK "PUNCH" LeBLANC as Coach of the Year; SACK SULLIVAN as Rookie of the Year; PORKY WASHBROOK as Most Improved Player; and DREW HENNESSEY as Sportsman of the Year.

TOP TEN SCORERS:

		G.	A.	Pt.
1st	WHITE, Number 11	19	19	38
2nd	THORNE, Number 10	19	13	32
3rd	RUNDLE, Number 10	22	9	31
4th	SULLIVAN, Number 8	16	12	28
5th	ATKINSON, Number 9	14	12	26
6th	AVERY, Number 10	12	14	26
7th	WILSON, Number 9	15	10	25
8th	HENNESSEY, Number 10	14	10	24
9th	BOUTILIER, Number 11	12	9	21
10th	WASHBROOK, Number 11	10	10	20
10th	JOSEPH, Number 10	9	11	20



GOAL TENDING:

	G.P.	G.A.	AVG.
CATTON, Number 8	14	48	3.43
THOMPSON, Number 10	17	69	4.05
CULLINS, Number 11	8	43	5.38
STEVENS, Number 9	16	95	5.94

TEAM STANDINGS FOR THE REGULAR SEASON:

	G.P.	W.	L.	T.	G.F.	G.A.	Pt.
NUMBER EIGHT	18	13	3	2	88	61	28
NUMBER TEN	18	10	7	1	97	76	21
NUMBER ELEVEN	18	8	8	2	89	93	18
NUMBER NINE	18	1	14	3	67	111	5

SWITCHING FROM HOCKEY TO BALL, we're still waiting for the rain to stop. Hopefully, by the time you read this it will have and all the good programs coming up will be implemented. These programs included the registration of a SLOW PITCH team in the Springhill league, a possible registration of a FAST BALL team in the County League and, of course, inter-unit play within the institution.

NUMBER EIGHT, the team that won it all last year, will be strong once again. Pitching is a question mark, but with the addition of MEL RED-DICK to the lineup, the batting power will increase. Returning from last year will be WAYNE BELBIN, MONK LeBLANC, GEORGE SOCK, RAY CORMIER and SACK SULLIVAN.

NUMBER TEN appears to be strong again and will be led by their pitching ace, JERRY COCHRANE. Returning from last year will be DREW HENNESSEY, while imports make up the balance.

NUMBER ELEVEN will be strong, also. The return of JUNIOR MARSHALL and CHRIS BOUTILIER will be a big boost.

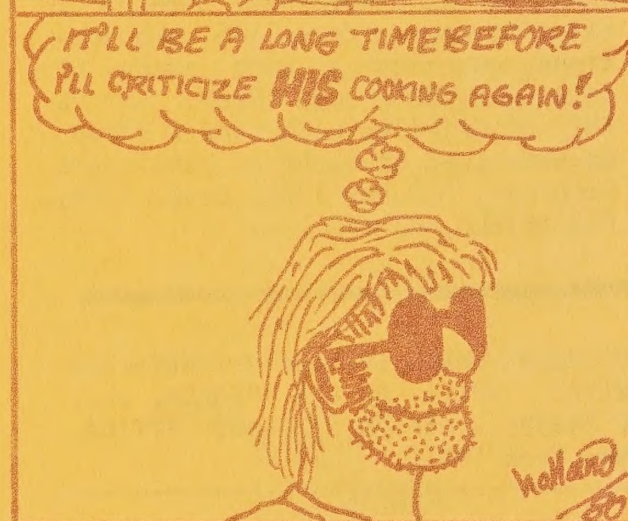
NUMBER NINE seems to be the question mark. We'll just have to wait and see there.

"DE, DE, DE, DE... DAT'S ALL, FOLKS...."

HEY COOKIE! DID YA HEAR ABOUT THE RAT THAT DISAPPEARED LAST NITE?



IT'LL BE A LONG TIME BEFORE I'LL CRITICIZE HIS COOKING AGAIN!



NATIONAL



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THE NORTH AMERICAN ANARCHIST is an excellent way to keep up with what is going on in the world of direct-action politics. It is free to prisoners upon request and costs only \$5.00 for one year (six issues) to Freeman. P.O. Box 2, Station O, TORONTO, Ontario M4B 2B0

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OPEN ROAD is a leftist newsjournal that will keep you informed on events pertaining to the anti-nuke movement, trade unions, direct action campaigns and other anti-authoritarian happenings. They also do some of the best writing on prisons and the Moratorium Movement available. A donation will get you on their mailing list. Send a couple of bucks and try them out... It'll be the best two buck investment you've ever made. It's free to prisoners. THE OPEN ROAD, Box 6135 Station G. VANCOUVER, B.C.

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B.K. FILSON'S "JAIL JAZZ" was first published in the really fine little journal, PORTICO, Sheridan College, Trafalgar Road, OAKVILLE, Ontario L6H 2L1





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